

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## THE IDEAL WIFE.

SOMEWHERE in the world must be  
She that I have prayed to see,  
She that Love assigns to me.

Somewhere Love, her lord and king,  
Over her is scattering  
Fragrance from his purple wing.

By the brink of summer streams  
I have dreamed delicious dreams;  
What I will, my sweet one seems.

In the sheen of autumn skies  
I have pictured sunny eyes,  
Till the thought too quickly dies.

When the winter fire burns low,  
Lovely faces come and go  
As the dying ashes glow.

'Tis her voice I hear so oft  
In the music low and soft  
That the western breezes waft.

Tell her, Love, that years fly fast,  
Bid her come to me at last,  
Ere her golden days are past.

Shall we ever, ever meet?  
Shall I find in thee, my sweet,  
Visions true and life complete?

Whisper low to Love apart,  
Whisper, darling, where thou art,  
Perfect wife and noble heart.

Chambers' Journal.

J. WILLIAMS.

## A MODERN MADRIGAL.

COME, for the buds are burst in the warren,  
And the lamb's first bleat is heard in the mead;

Come, be Phyllis, and I'll be Coryn,  
Though flocks we have none to fold or feed.

Come for a ramble down through the dingle,  
For Spring has taken the Earth to bride;  
Leave the cricket to chirp by the ingle,  
And forth with me to the rivulet-side.

Lo! how the land has put from off her  
Her virgin raiment of winter white,  
And laughs in the eyes of the Spring, her lover,  
Who flings her a garland of flowers and light.

Hark, how the lark in his first ascension  
Fills heaven with love-songs, hovering on high;  
Trust to us for the Spring's intention,  
Trust to the morn for a stormless sky.

I know the meadow for daffodowndillies,  
And the haunt of the crocus purple and gold;  
I'll be Coryn, and you'll be Phyllis:  
Springs to-day are as sweet as of old.  
Chambers' Journal. F. WYVILLE HOME.

## TEAR AND SMILE.

"WHAT are you?" said a tear  
To a smile playing near.  
"With a flickering shimmer,  
You transiently glimmer  
On the meaningless features of mirth;  
But you nothing express  
Of the anguish and stress  
That make up man's portion on earth."

"You are rather severe,"  
Said the smile to the tear.  
"For as day, to shine bright,  
Needs a background of night,  
So grief must be bordered with gladness;  
And the light of a smile,  
More than once in a while,  
Helps a tear to unbosom its sadness."  
Spectator. JOSEPH DAWSON.

## VENUS MATUTINA.

SHE lies at dawn upon the dew-drenched lea  
Alone. The white hard light of morning lies  
On the throat wavering with the fall and rise  
Of her low pulse as of a silent sea.  
The thick coils of her hair cling shudderingly  
To her white shoulder; her deep-lidded eyes,  
Heavily raised as in a dull surprise,  
Look through the vacant shadows vacantly.

Her back is to the sunrise; the low sound  
Of a stream slipping past incessantly  
Stirs in her raiment light and white as foam.  
But she, her head erect, her hair uncrowned,  
With lax white feet and wrist dropped  
wearily,  
Gazes through heaven and earth and finds  
no home.

Athenæum.

O BROODING spirit of wisdom and of love,  
Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me;  
Absorb me in thine own immensity,  
And raise me far my finite self above!  
Purge vanity away, and the weak care  
That name or fame of me should widely spread;  
And the deep wish keep burning in their stead  
Thy blissful influence afar to bear,  
Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,  
No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay  
My own steps on that high thought-paven way,  
In which my soul its clear commission sees;  
Yet with an equal joy let me behold  
Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled.  
SIR W. R. HAMILTON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

MADAME ROLAND.

THE fierce and terrible period of the French Revolution has brought out, as every period of fiery trial does, a number of individual portraits against its lurid background, — faces full of a seraphic sweetness and resignation, figures worthy of the noblest pencil. Many of these belong to the side of the falling race, and to the *régime* thus passing away in blood and fire from among the number of possible things. To this the martyrs of religion and the angelic women, in the light of whose gentle lives and pure countenances the reader is almost seduced into forgetting the terrible wrongs which gave occasion to the Revolution, belong. But it has also its martyrs on the other side, — those who, in a still more bitter anguish, perished by the very agencies which they had themselves brought into being, and wrote in their blood the disappointment of a hundred fine enthusiasms and noble hopes. Among these, there has arisen no finer presence than that of Madame Roland, — one of those impassioned visionaries whose ideal conception of a free nation, and a world in which all men should be brothers, has indeed no right to be branded as the cause or origin of barbarities such as are unknown elsewhere in modern history, and yet was so fatally connected with them that not even the shedding of their blood has been able to dissociate their names from those of the blood-drinkers of the Revolution. There is, however, a still deeper tragedy apparent when we pass from the royalist and aristocrat who died, as became his race, with an infinite scorn and loathing of the *canaille* who drove him to the scaffold, to the noble theorist who had meant to turn that *canaille* into heroic men and women, and received the sword in his heart as the reward of his generous devotion. In some ways the latter has in consequence the finer position, for his was the heroic part in pre-revolution times, when the wrongs of the former system were accumulating, and every man who made a stand against them was a champion of

humanity. And there is nothing which strikes so deep a chord in the heart as the spectacle of generous efforts repaid with cruelty, and of charity and devotion reaping nothing but insult. He who serves God, or his country, or his friends, visibly for nought, without advantage, with nothing but the dismal repayment of ingratitude, finds a place in the recollection of his fellow-creatures which the better-rewarded never share. It is a compensation of little importance perhaps to themselves, unless it is permitted to those who have passed beyond the strifes of life to feel some personal pleasure even in so late a vindication; but it is good for the race which has so many temptations to identify virtue with success. Madame Roland is of this class: she may indeed be said to have had so much personal satisfaction in the great position of power and influence which she occupied for a year or so in her life, as to have made the sacrifice of that life, and all the miseries connected with it, appear to be no more than a price she would willingly have undertaken to pay. But a death so terrible, preceded by every insult that evil tongues could pour upon her, as the only return her country could bestow upon a champion so disinterested, so full of high aims and enthusiasm, gives her a right to all the honors which belong to the unrequited, as well as to those which dauntless courage, moral purity, and genius merit on their own account.

If her career is thus remarkable enough to justify a high place in the estimation of posterity, it must be added that few, if any, histories of an individual life have been made under such circumstances. We will begin, as she does, not at the beginning, but with the remarkable and characteristic scene which concluded her appearance in the ordinary setting of a woman's life, and began the period of enforced calm and inactivity in which she soothed and occupied her mind by writing the story of her own existence. She had at this time attained the age of thirty-nine, and was still in all the vigor of life, as well as in full possession of those attractions which gained her an empire everywhere — whether over the hearts of

men in the wild conflicts of political life, or those of the wretched women who crowded her prison. Her splendid vitality; her intelligence, pure and clear as a diamond; her sympathy, no less vivid and all-embracing; and an enthusiasm of genius which added to all a noble and indescribable charm,—kept her in the freshness of undiminished youth, to which the tranquil rural life and sober duty in which she had passed her maturing days gave additional lustre. If her beauty was not that of perfect features and statuesque proportion, it was the still more potent spell which made Mary Stuart the queen of hearts,—that gift of personal fascination which stands in most historical instances for beauty. Such was the woman upon whom in the early summer of 1793, the Revolution fell like a fury, snatching her, not unexpectedly, out of warm life, power, and triumph, to the prison and the scaffold. It is with the narrative of her last evening of freedom that she begins this tale.

On the 31st of May, 1793, that year of blood and horror, the house of the ex-minister Roland—the somewhat stern and limited *doctrinaire*, of whom it was known all over France that he was aided in all his public operations and appearances, if not entirely inspired and influenced, by his wife—was in that state of alarm and anxiety which was inevitable under the Reign of Terror to all who were in a position to offend the fierce and lawless authorities of the moment. The Rolands had deeply offended. They had denounced the massacres of September; they had protested against the death of the king; they had discovered the fatal facility with which revolution falls into anarchy; and with all the force that words are capable of, were struggling against the wild and bloody tide of excitement and passion. On this May evening, while they watched and waited, in expectation of any catastrophe, a band of six men presented themselves at their doors, with “an order from the *Comité Révolutionnaire*,” for the arrest of Roland. These commissioners, however, hesitated to offer violence when Roland denied the power of such a body to issue any such

mandate, and withdrew to seek further warrant. Madame Roland had been ill, and had long confined herself to her house in readiness for an emergency; but the position was desperate, and it occurred to her that the only possibility of safety was to make known at once to the Convention the position in which her husband was. There was no time to be lost, and she was not the woman to lose a moment. “To communicate this project to my husband, to write a letter to the president, and to set out, was the affair of a few minutes,” she says. She left the house, called a *fiacre*, and drove at once to the Carrousel, where she found the court full of armed men. “Flitting like a bird,” in her little cotton morning-gown, with a black shawl hastily thrown round her, and a veil covering her animated and beautiful countenance, she made her way through this grim crowd, and with difficulty got admission into the ante-chambers of the Convention. Here she waited for a long time, finding at last in one of the officials the man who had conducted her to the bar of the house on a previous occasion, when she had been called on to defend herself from a frivolous accusation, and had been received with the acclamations of the Assembly. The triumphant heroine of that enthusiastic sitting was now a poor petitioner under the ban of the powers of the moment. But the *huissier* was faithful. He carried her letter into the Convention from which, whenever the door was opened, “a frightful” noise was heard. But it was impossible to get a hearing, either for her letter or herself; and after pacing about for hours, almost within sound of the tumultuous Assembly, she hurries away again to see what has been going on in her absence, leaving her case, until she returns, in the hands of the *huissier*, and of one of the deputies of the Gironde, whose position was not much more safe than her own. With reluctance she turned her back upon the arena where her voice had already been heard with enthusiasm, and where it seemed to her still a possibility that such a champion as herself, of justice and mercy, might still gain a hearing and perhaps even now confound the demons. “I



was," she says, "in that disposition of soul which makes a speaker eloquent, — penetrated by indignation, above all fear; on fire for my country, of which I saw the ruin approaching, and for all that I loved in the world, exposed to the last dangers. Feeling strongly, expressing myself with ease, too proud not to do so with dignity, I had the greatest of interests to defend, a certain power of doing so; and my situation was such as to give me every advantage." Had she made her way, all aglow with noble fire, beautiful, eloquent, in the full force of life and genius, into that wildly emotional assembly, it was still possible that another turn might have been given to history. But this was not to be done. She went out again into the night, still desperately hopeful of returning and striking that great blow, threw herself into another cab, and hurried home, where she found that Roland, after a second attempt at arrest, had taken shelter in a friend's house, and was out of immediate danger. After searching for him in one house and another, she at last found her husband, and had a hurried interview with him; then prepared to start again for the Convention, on foot and alone. But the solitude of the dimly lighted streets showed her, to whom all passage of time was imperceptible at this crisis, that it was late, and another *fiacre* was called for her. When she got to the Carrousel the wide space was vacant — two guns and a few men round the doors of the Palais National was all that was visible. The meeting was over, and her chance gone forever. Wild with excitement and disappointment, she approached the little group to know what had been done. All had gone off admirably, she was told; "they all embraced each other, and sang the Marseillaise round the tree of liberty." The arrest of the *vingt-deux*, the party of the Gironde, Madame Roland's friends, had been ordered, and everything was going well. The woman, distracted, turned back to her *fiacre*, not knowing what to do now, but full of an energy and impatient life that would not be still. Her impassioned course is interrupted by a little incident, which she pauses in full career to tell, and which

has the most curious effect in the terrible excitement of the moment.

I had crossed the court towards my *fiacre*, while carrying on this dialogue with an old *sans-culotte*, certainly well paid to tutor the simple. A pretty dog followed me closely. "Is that poor animal yours?" asked the driver, with a tone of feeling not often apparent in his class. "No, I don't know him," I answered gravely, as if it had been of a human being he spoke, my mind busy with other things; "set me down at the Louvre." I wanted to see a friend there who could advise me how to get Roland out of Paris. We had not made twenty steps when the carriage stopped. "What is it now?" I said. "Ah, *he* has left me like a fool, when I wanted to keep him to play with my little boy. Here doggie, doggie, come then!" I recollected the dog. It was good to have at that hour a driver who was a good fellow, a father, and kind. "Try to get hold of him," I said; "you can put him into the carriage, and I will take care of him." The man, delighted, opened the door and gave me the poor dog, which seemed to feel that it had found shelter and protection. As it fawned upon me, I recalled the story of Saadi, which depicts for us an old man, weary of mankind, and repelled by their passions, retiring into a wood where he has built himself a hut, and where his dwelling is cheered by the familiar animals who pay his cares with an affectionate gratitude, with which he contents himself in the absence of any similar sentiment among his fellow-men.

This sudden return upon herself, and upon the deep and wild tranquillity of nature in the midst of the fever of this anxious night, is profoundly characteristic of those moments of enforced calm which mere transit from one place to another bring upon the most energetic and impassioned. At last she got home, and entered the forsaken house, from which her husband had escaped, and where there was nothing but danger for her, — a person as marked and important as the minister himself. Why did she go back? The woman was too proud to fly, too defiant of anything that could happen to her, to turn her back or stoop her noble head for such a poor thing as personal safety. "I had a natural aversion," she says, "for all that is not in keeping with that attitude, open, bold, and great, which belongs to innocence." Often already had

the pair been persuaded to abandon their house, even when the house was the official residence of the minister, for fear of assassination. "It was always in spite of myself that I did it," she cries. She kept a pistol under her pillow—not for her enemies, but for herself in case of need; but refused to do more. She considered it right and necessary that Roland should save himself; but as for her, she had no heart to do it. That heart was torn with horror and misery for the country which had been her passion. She had private tumults and struggles besides, which made a prison scarcely distasteful and not alarming. She made out to herself a number of reasons for this step, which, after all, it is probable she took without reasoning at all. She preferred to die rather than see the ruin of her country; the rage of their enemies might be satisfied by her destruction, and leave Roland, who, if saved, might still render great services to France: her child, only twelve, and a girl, with unbounded claims upon her tenderness, was, she thought, of an apathetic disposition, and could be brought up by others as well as by her mother. None of her friends were in a position to receive her at that moment without danger: it would have been cruel to leave her household forsaken—*et puis—et puis*. She went home out of the silent streets, after the challenge of the sentinel—to whom a woman alone at such an hour in a public vehicle, with horses so tired that they could scarcely drag one leg after the other, was suspicious—and calmed the anxious servants. It is a wonder to see, as in a vision, the deep stillness of this May night—the lanterns twinkling peacefully on the deserted streets, the sentinel astonished at the sound of the horses, whom the coachman dragged along by the bridle, and not a sound besides disturbing the quiet. Wild blaze of torches, wild tumult of words, curses, and blows, would have seemed more likely than this ordinary civic calm. But human nature at its fiercest departs only by moments from the ordinary; and it would seem that a stranger might have passed with Madame Roland through that sleeping town without finding out that anything was wrong.

She was arrested during that night, with all the forms of law appropriate to such an act at the period. Her rooms were invaded by "between fifty and a hundred persons," while the attendants of the *juge de la paix* sealed everything. A terrible night! the servants surrounded

their mistress with tears, the fierce crowd who filled her *salon* looking on. Outside, an armed escort attended the *fiacre* in which she was placed. "The unhappy people, deceived and murdered daily in the persons of their true friends, attracted by the sight, stopped to gaze; and some women cried, '*A la guillotine!*'" It was seven in the morning—the work-people going to their work. The prisoner was taken to the Abbaye. This long preface brings us to our subject. Scarcely had she been shut into the little room, where she immediately prepared the table to write on, determined to take her meals on the corner of the mantel-piece rather than derange that refuge of her soul, when she began to write a full history and exposition of her husband's and her own political life. The first part of this, the "*Notices Historiques*," exists only in part; but there is enough to afford a sketch of her own personal existence among the public events into which she threw herself with such enthusiasm. Before a month was over she had completed these, enough of them to make a volume, and had got them conveyed to the care of a friend, who, however, being himself arrested, and finding no way to conceal them, threw a portion into the fire. "I avow that I should have preferred had he thrown me there," she cries. She was afterwards transferred to the prison of Sainte Pélagie; and there with her active brain, her throbbing heart, her burning interest in everything without, and sense of power and endless vitality, rather than devour her soul with impotent thought, she set herself down to write the story of her life. We do not remember any such work composed in similar circumstances. There are very few in the world written in any circumstances which contain so noble a portrait, or pictures so fine and delicate. That there are two or three pages marked with the false taste and false morality of her time, and that the trail of Rousseau is just perceptible in a corner here and there, is a fact of which we warn the reader we have no intention of taking cognisance. If she wore a wonderful gown, with the waistband under her arm-pits, that was no fault of Madame Roland; and neither was this infinitesimal trace of the slime of the age. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*,—only a corrupt mind could dwell upon the two or three sentences into which fashion seduced so pure a soul.

The narrative by which we ought to begin our study of the woman was thus the second part, as it forms the second vol-

ame, of her published history. It was her care first to vindicate her public character and that of her husband. In strict justice, we ought to say her husband's character, which involved her own; but the virtuous Roland, the severe and serious statesman, the high-minded patriot, with his passion for details, his power of administration, his conscientious pedantry of duty, has fallen out of the interest of his fellow-creatures, who see him only as surrounded by the halo of her presence behind him, always greater, more radiant, and visible than he. He had excellent and noble qualities; he had the good sense not to be jealous of his wife's superior gifts, or indifferent to the aid of a faculty above anything that he himself possessed; and he would appear to have been, which is noteworthy, more beloved by his daughter than her far more attractive and attaching mother: but to us the interest has ebbed out of Roland. And the picture of her youth and up-bringing, and the development of her brilliant young intelligence, coming so strangely out of that prison from under the very shadow of the guillotine, has a charm of contrast which is indescribable. She draws her own portrait with a fine touch, — with a pleasure in going back upon those records of a youth which is still alive in her heart, — which secures our best sympathies. As she writes, she is again the little Manon of the Quai des Lunettes, the pupil of the ladies of the "Congrégation," the friend of Sophie, the adored of so many elder women, to whom this little creature, so full of all the gifts of nature, so brave, so great in her heroic infancy, conquering all things, was the very ideal of womankind, victorious over all their failures, and capable of all the elevations to which they had never reached. The instinctive homage which such a child receives from all around her is one of the most touching things in nature. The gay and brave old grandmother Philpon; her gentle sister Angélique; the sterner aunt Besnard, who is afraid that the elders will spoil the child, yet if she cuts her finger comes twice a day to see how it is going on; Sister Agathe at the convent, whose loving regard never fails, — form a circle of tender faces about the little central figure, wistful worshippers, all projecting themselves forward by her means into a future radiant with life and hope.

She was the only surviving child of her parents; and though the father had little elevation of character, and in later days was an anxiety and trouble for his child

rather than her protector, they were both in her childhood absorbed in her, and proud of the beautiful and spirited creature who had so strangely arisen between two commonplace people. The mother, however, is not commonplace. She is surrounded by that halo of tender devotion which is the natural accompaniment in French sentiment of every mother — a sentiment for which we sometimes smile at our neighbors, but which can scarcely be otherwise than salutary, as it is graceful and gracious. Madame Philpon had all the watchfulness for her daughter which is natural to her race, yet treated her in some respects with a little of that "wholesome neglect" which is more English than French, and allowed her to pasture almost where she pleased in the field of literature. We share, we allow, the horror of this good woman who saw with a shudder Voltaire's "Candide" in the hands of the youthful reader. But the good mother did not trouble herself, and the child's youth and ignorance kept her apparently from all harm. Her reading, however, was of the most singular description. Her father was in the habit of making her presents of books; "but as he piqued himself on my serious tastes, his choice was often of the strangest. He gave me the treatise of Fénelon upon the education of girls, and the work of Locke upon that of children, — thus putting into the hands of a pupil what was intended for the direction of her instructors." The curious medley of books that thus came into her hands, some worthless, some excellent, all giving something to the eager reader, is contrary to all rules of education, to be sure; but there are other cases besides that of Madame Roland in which the system, or rather want of system, has, as she says, "succeeded very well, chance serving the purpose perhaps better than ordinary combinations would have done." She read everything that came in her way — books of devotion and books of philosophy; Plutarch and the Lives of the Saints; Locke, Montesquieu, Pascal, the Abbé Raynal, — everything on every side that she could lay her hands on. This course of literature began from her earliest years — the days when other children are still at fables and fairy-tales. "Télémaque" and the "Jerusalem Delivered" represented to her the age of Cinderella and Puss in Boots. She threw herself into the new worlds thus disclosed to her with all the force of her nature. "I was Eucharis for Telemachus, and Herminia for Tancred," she says, "entirely trans-

formed into their being. I never dreamed of being one day, in my own person, some one for somebody. I made no return upon myself, demanded nothing of what was around me; I existed in them, and scarcely saw the objects around. It was a dream without any awaking."

In the mean time, the child and all her surroundings are set before us with the most vivid reality. As little Manon threw herself into the heroines of the classical romance, so Madame Roland, the wife of the disgraced statesman, the imprisoned queen of society, deprived of all her court and suite, throws herself with delightful completeness back into little Manon. She is, as she writes, the young, eager creature she once was, devouring all knowledge, opening her earnest and wondering eyes upon a world full of wonder and mysteries made to be fathomed and penetrated, and in all its grandeur and beauty already subject to her, the all-embracing, all-comprehending sovereign of the earth—the new Adam, alone qualified to give their names to the subject creatures, and to reign over them. Her own character dawns upon her with wonder, like all the rest. One of the incidents which she describes, all childish, all homely as it is, is the revelation to her of herself in her days of infancy—herself as now so well known to the mature and clear-sighted woman. It had been necessary in those distant days to administer to her a disagreeable medicine, which she would not take. Her mother's entreaties having had no effect, the injudicious, trifling father, who was proud of her without understanding her, whipped the little rebel. She had been struggling with herself to swallow the nauseous draught, but the punishment changed her mind: the whipping was repeated, then for a third time threatened. "I feel at the hour I write," she says, "the revolution and the new development which I felt within me. My tears were dried at once, my sobs ceased, a sudden calm collected all my faculties in one resolution. *Je me lève sur mon lit*" (the rest we leave in the original), "*je me tourne du côté de la ruelle; j'incline ma tête en l'appuyant sur le mur: je trousse ma chemise, et je m'offre aux coups en silence: on m'aurait tuée sur place sans m'arracher un soupir.*" "All the details of this scene," she adds, "are present to me, as if it had happened yesterday; all the sensations I felt are as distinct—it was the same sudden resistance of the whole being as I have felt since in solemn moments; and it would be no greater

effort to-day to ascend proudly the scaffold, than I made then in giving myself up to a barbarous punishment, which might kill me but never overcome me."

It does not, perhaps, always follow that a child thus proudly resistant should be at the same time a creature of generous nature, open to every tender influence. But it was so in the case of the wonderful child, thus strangely fallen, with the soul of a hero, into this humble *bourgeois* house, with its *atelier* communicating with its sitting-room, and the journeyman engravers working almost within sight of that deep recess at the side of the chimney in which a little window, a chair and table squeezed between the wall and her bed, formed the child's study and school-room,—the very home of her soul. The window looked out upon the Seine, upon the thronging passengers that went and came by the Pont Neuf, and all the traffic and lively movement of the quays. "How often," she says, "from my window, 'I have contemplated with emotion the vast deserts of the sky, its superb blue vault, so boldly designed, from the pale dawn behind the Pont au Change, until the sunset glowed with brilliant colors behind the trees of the Cours, and the houses of Chaillot.'" When she was still little more than an infant, she would rise from her mother's side, and patter with little bare feet, and a little *peignoir* hastily drawn over her shoulders, to the table in this corner with its books and papers, where the little student sat and copied the passages she loved best out of the books that were lent to her, long before the busy life began outside, or *maman* opened her tender eyes. Never was there a prettier picture of a child's life. She had masters at this early age for various branches, and eagerly studied everything, from Latin to the violin. Nothing came amiss to her eager intelligence. She astonished Father Colomb, the good Barnabite, her mother's confessor, by playing several airs on his bass fiddle. "Had I been able to to get at a violoncello," she says, "I should have got up on a chair and made something of it." Her father, who was an engraver, taught her the use of the burin; and when her uncle, the young priest, the *petit oncle* whom she always loved, proposed to teach her Latin, "I was delighted; it was a holiday for me when I found a new subject of study. The rage of learning possessed me to such an extent that, having disinterred a treatise on heraldry, I set to work to study it: it had colored pictures, which amused

me, and I delighted in finding out how all those little figures were named. Soon after, I astonished my father by the observations I made upon a seal which was composed contrary to the rules of the art. I became his oracle on this point, and never led him into error. A treatise on contracts fell into my hands, which I attempted also to understand, for I never read anything without a desire to retain the information it conveyed; but it bored me, and I never got beyond the fourth chapter."

In the mean time, the little prodigy was not left entirely to the action of her all-devouring, never-weary intelligence. "This child," she says, her spirit rising with her own description, and a curious tender pride, as if she were describing the feats of a child of her own, coming into the torn heart of the woman, older now than Manon's mother, to whom, in the midst of all her anguish, it is amusing to be once more Manon, though in the very valley of the shadow of death, the shadow of the guillotine, "this child, who read so many serious works, who could explain the oracles of the celestial sphere, use the pencil and the burin, and who, at eight years old, was the best dancer among an assembly of young people older than herself,—this child was often called to the kitchen to make an *omelette*, shell the peas, or skim the pot. Such a mixture of grave studies, of pleasant exercises, and of domestic cares, has made me fit for everything that may happen: my training thus served to predict the vicissitudes of my fortune, and has helped me to support them. I am out of place nowhere; I can make my soup as cheerfully as Philopœmen cut his wood."

Religion was not left out of the range of her studies; and the young soul, as yet untouched by the rising wave of unbelief which belonged to her generation, seized eagerly upon the heavenly fare set before her. Her mother, though not so free from the influences of the time, possessed some natural piety, though she was not *dévôte*. "She believed, or tried to believe, and conformed her conduct to the rules of the Church, with the modesty of a person who, feeling the need of her heart for great principles, would not chaffer over details." Little Manon was sent to the *catechisme* of the parish, with all the more zeal that her beloved little uncle, a very young priest, had the charge of this duty; and it was a feather in his cap that the best answers given should be those of his little niece. She, on her

part, threw herself with all her soul into the exercises of religion. She had her backslidings, no doubt, as when she took her Plutarch to church with her in the long services before Good Friday, instead of the *Semaine Sainte*,—an impiety that happened when she was nine—quite a responsible age. Later, however, when the period of the first communion began to draw near, little Manon perceived that her little life was not holy enough for that privilege. "I turned over daily the Lives of the Saints, and sighed for the days when the fury of paganism procured for generous Christians the crown of martyrdom. I considered seriously how to adopt a new life, and, after profound meditation, I settled what to do." Up to this time the thought of leaving her mother had been terrible to her, but now the duty of sacrifice was clearly revealed. "One evening after supper, being alone with my father and mother, I threw myself at their feet, my tears burst forth and interrupted my voice. Astonished and troubled, they asked the cause of this strange act. 'I want to ask you,' I cried, sobbing, 'to do a thing which rends my heart, but which my conscience demands. Send me to the convent.'" The little heroine was eleven, and her parents desired nothing so much as this mode of finishing her education. With as short an interval as possible, they placed her under the charge of the ladies of the "Congrégation," in the Faubourg Saint Marcel. What were her emotions in taking leave of her mother! "My heart was broken," she cries; "I was rent in sunder: but I obeyed the voice of God, and crossed the threshold of the cloister, offering him with tears the greatest sacrifice which I could make to him."

The picture of the convent is the most delicate and heavenly of sketches. Madame Roland loved neither priest nor nun, and when she wrote believed scarcely at all; but the tender peacefulness of the religious house, the atmosphere of kindness and love, the generous simple attachments, the pleasure of the gentle sisters in their brilliant little pupil, were evidently too warm in her heart to be affected by the change in her views. The moonlight in the garden, the serene blue above, the great trees throwing here and there their gigantic shadows, the stillness of the sleeping house, with this one small white figure trembling at the window looking out, leaves not a more pure and tender impression than the smiling faces of the mild nuns, the sweetness of their care,



the hum of the pretty company, the lime avenue, where soon little Manon, with her Sophie by the waist, would wander for hours telling their innocent secrets. Sophie was not up to the measure of her friend, but she was capable of friendship; and in this friendship the greater spirit poured itself out for years on every subject — the highest themes, the most noble thoughts — to Sophie's ear. This picture of the pupils of the "Congrégation," and the sketches of the various priests who formed an important part of the society in which Manon moved, are proofs of Madame Roland's superiority to prejudice. They remain in those early records, sunbright and full of the sweetest genial appreciation, notwithstanding her wonderful change of sentiment and opinions. Even her confessors, so excellent a subject for denunciation, are wise and kind and liberal, and rather quench and calm than encourage indiscreet innocences of self-accusation. And when we consider what was brewing in those Paris streets, what elements of misery and wrong, what wild panaceas, what mad theories, and how near the volcano was to bursting, it is incredible to see the gentle calm of ordinary life, the undisturbed existence of the comfortable *bourgeoise*, with so little apparent subject of complaint. One modest house after another, in which a friendly little company collects night after night, each little circle serene in its orbit, as if held by everlasting laws and intended to last forever, opens upon us as we go on. There is much talk, much discussion, but not as yet the faintest whiff of sulphur or tremulous portent of the coming irruption. One or two scenes, indeed, show the impressions made by a first contact with those anomalies of social rank and estimation which are so astonishing to a young visionary on her first entrance into the world. Here is one in particular which, with a very few alterations, might still take place almost anywhere, — the most vivid picture of that good-humored insolence by which a great lady meant no harm, but which might well make the blood boil in the veins of a high-spirited girl of low degree. It occurred at the period when Manon was living with her grandmother, the delightful and sprightly old *bonne-maman* Philpon, of whom and whose *ménage* we must first give the following description: —

She was a woman full of grace and good temper, whose agreeable manners, good language, gracious smile, and eyes full of lively humor, showed still some pretensions to be

attractive, or at least to make it apparent that she had been attractive. She was sixty-five or sixty-six, but still careful of her dress, which was, however, entirely appropriate to her age, for, she piqued herself above everything on preserving a perfect propriety. Though stout in person, her light step, her erect carriage, the graceful gesticulations of her little hands, her tone of mingled sentiment and pleasantry, kept off all appearance of old age. She was very kind to the young people whom she loved to have about her, and by whom it gave her pleasure to be sought. Left a widow after a single year of married life, my father was her only and posthumous child; and some losses in business having thrown her into misfortune, she had been obliged to have recourse to some distant and rich relatives, who preferred her to a stranger for the education of their family. A small inheritance finally made her independent. She lived in the Ile Saint Louis, where she occupied a little apartment with her sister, Mademoiselle Rotisset, whom she called Angélique. This excellent creature, asthmatic and devout, pure as an angel, simple as a child, was the very humble servant of the elder sister: the charge of their little housekeeping was entirely in her hands: a charwoman (*domestique ambulante*), who came twice a day, did the coarser part of the work, but Angélique did all the rest, and reverently dressed her sister. She became quite naturally my maid, while Madame Philpon constituted herself my governess.

It was as the companion of this charming old lady that little Manon made her first acquaintance with high life. The grandmother, proud of her little descendant, determined to pay a visit to her former patroness and kinswoman, Madame de Boismorel, whose children she had brought up. Great preparations were made, the best dresses put on, and about noon the little party, Angélique in attendance, set out.

When we reached the hotel, all the attendants, beginning with the porter, saluted Madame Philpon affectionately and with respect, each more anxious than the other to bid her welcome. She replied to all in familiar but dignified terms. So far all was well. But when her granddaughter was observed, she could not deny herself the pleasure of telling them about me: the servants (*les gens*), thus encouraged, paid me various compliments, and I began to be conscious of a sort of annoyance, difficult to explain, which, however, I made out to mean that people of this class might admire me, but that it was not their part to presume to praise. Thus we made our way up-stairs, announced by a tall lackey, and entered the room where Madame de Boismorel, seated with her dog upon a piece of furniture, which in those days was called, not an *ottomane*, but a *canapé*, worked at her tapestry with much seriousness. Madame de Boismorel was about

the same age, height, and corpulence as my grandmother, but her dress was less tasteful than pretentious, and her countenance, far from expressing the desire to be agreeable, announced her determination to be much considered, and her sense of meriting consideration. A piece of rich lace crumpled into a little cap with pointed ends like the ears of a hare, placed upon the summit of her head, showed locks which perhaps were borrowed, arranged with that caution which is necessary after sixty; and a double coat of rouge gave to her insignificant eyes more hardness than was necessary to make me lower mine. "Eh! bon jour, Mlle. Rotisset," she cried, with a voice cold and high, rising at our approach. (Mademoiselle? what? my grandmother is here Mademoiselle!) "I am delighted to see you. And this fine child, is she your granddaughter? She will be very pretty one day. Come here, my love; sit down beside me. She is shy. How old is your granddaughter, Mademoiselle Rotisset? She is a little brown, but her complexion is excellent, and that will clear off. She is quite formed already! You ought to be lucky, my little friend: have you ever tried in the lottery?" "Never, madame: I dislike all games of chance." "Ah, very likely; at your age one imagines the game is in one's own hands. What a pretty voice! It is so sweet and full. Are you not a little saint (*un peu dévote*)?" "I know my duties, and I try to fulfil them." "Better and better! You wish to be a nun, don't you?" "I do not know yet what my destination may be. I don't attempt to decide it." "How sententious she is! This little girl of yours reads, Mademoiselle Rotisset?" "Reading is her greatest pleasure: she spends a great part of every day among her books." "Ah, I can see that; but take care that she does not become a blue-stocking; that would be a great pity."

The conversation then took another course upon the family and society of the house, and my grandmother asked after uncle and cousin, daughter-in-law and friend, the Abbé Langlois, the Marquise de Lévi, the Counsellor Brion, and the Curé Parent. The talk flowed upon their health, their alliances, and their defects, — as, for example, Madame Roudé, who, in spite of her age, still considered herself to have a fine bust, and uncovered her shoulders, except at the moment of getting out or into her carriage, when she wrapped herself in a great handkerchief, which she kept for that purpose, because, as she said, all that was not made to be exhibited to lackeys. During this dialogue, Madame de Boismorel made various stitches in her canvas, petted her dog occasionally, but most frequently kept her eyes fixed on me. I took care as much as possible to avoid this gaze, which displeased me mightily, by examining the room, the decoration of which was more pleasant to look at than the lady who inhabited it: my blood circulated faster than usual, — I felt my cheeks burn, my heart beat. I did not yet ask myself why my grandmother was not upon the sofa, and Madame de Bois-

morel playing the part of Mademoiselle Rotisset; but the sentiment which leads to that thought was already in my mind, and the termination of the visit was a great relief to me. "Ah! don't forget to take a lottery-ticket for me, and let your granddaughter choose the number, do you hear, Mademoiselle Rotisset? I must have the first of her hand; kiss me then; and don't, my little love, cast down your eyes so; they are very well worth seeing, those eyes, and even your confessor would not forbid you to open them. Ah, Mademoiselle Rotisset, you will have many hats taken off as you pass, I promise you, and that very soon. Bon jour, mesdames," and Madame de Boismorel rings her bell, bids Laffeur go in a day or two for a lottery-ticket to Mademoiselle Rotisset, silences the barking of her dog, and has already taken her place again on her sofa before we have reached the ante-room.

This lively scene, with all the inevitable comments of the sententious little maiden, stiffening as of old in instinctive resistance, with a prim, small splendor of visionary superiority about her, and a whole revolution beginning to boil in her little bosom, will recall similar scenes to many a reader. But Madame Roland does not see the humor in it, nor laugh, as we should do, at the indignation of the little heroine, who, by the way, is as haughtily conscious that her baby charms were not made to be admired of lackeys as the finest lady of the Faubourg. She rushes into her books when she gets home, to escape from the odious recollection of this insupportable patronage, much disconcerting *bonne-maman*, who makes little apologetic reflections upon the singularities of the great lady, her egotism, and the carelessness which was natural to her rank. M. de Boismorel, however, who returns the call, is very different from his mother. He is enlightened, respectful, full of literature and knowledge, and remains the friend of the young Manon as long as he lives. But his graceful and fine figure, and the curious intimacy, without any shadow of other tendency, which arises between this thoughtful and cultivated aristocrat and the wonderful girl, whom no one sees without coming more or less under her influence, would require more space than we can give to unfold it. Other little circumstances deepen the effect upon Manon's mind of Madame de Boismorel's contemptuous compliments. A certain Mademoiselle d'Hanaches, *grande haquenée séchée et jaune*, who is the housekeeper of her cousin the vicar of St. Barthélemy, with whom Manon's uncle lives, gives her further cause for reflection. This strident personage



had a law plea on hand touching a legacy, and was hospitably received by Madame Philpon, and helped by the ready writing of Manon, who accompanied her on various occasions in her interviews with officials of the law. "I remarked," she says, "that in spite of her ignorance, her heavy and stiff aspect, her uncultivated language, her old-fashioned dress, and all the absurdities of her appearance, everybody paid respect to her origin; the names of the ancestors whom she enumerated without cease, and employed to support all her demands, were seriously listened to. I compared the reception awarded to her with the treatment I had received from Madame de Boismorel, which had made such a deep impression upon me. I could not conceal from myself that I was of more consequence than Mademoiselle d'Hannaches, whose middle age and long genealogy did not confer upon her the power of writing a sensible or even intelligible letter. It seemed to me that the world was very unjust, and social institutions very extravagant." This sentiment was still further strengthened by a visit made to Versailles some time later, which throws a curious light upon the accessories of the royal residence, as well as upon young Mademoiselle Philpon's young thoughts. She, her mother, her young uncle, the Abbé Bimont, and Mademoiselle d'Hannaches, made the party. They had borrowed the rooms of a certain Madame Legrand, who was in attendance upon the dauphiness. This little apartment was immediately under the roof, opening from a dark and ill-smelling corridor; but it was so close to that of the Archbishop of Paris, that it was necessary for both parties to control their voices lest they should be overheard: and notwithstanding all its inconveniences, a great *seigneur*, the Duc de Beaumont, considered himself fortunate, as the proud young critic learned with disdain, to obtain such a lodging in order that he might be within reach of the king's chamber.

The great and small repasts of the household either together or separate, — the masses, the promenades, the play, the presentations, — we were for a week spectators of them all. The acquaintance of Madame Legrand procured us many privileges. Mademoiselle d'Hannaches penetrated everywhere, ready to throw her name in the face of whomsoever opposed her entrance, and feeling that her six hundred years of nobility was legible in her grotesque countenance. . . . The handsome face of the Abbé Bimont, the imbecile pride of Mademoi-

selle d'Hannaches, were not out of place in these regions; but the unpainted cheeks of my dear mother, and the modesty of my dress, announced our *bourgeois* condition: and if my eyes or my youth attracted a moment's attention, there was something condescending in the notice which caused me as much annoyance as the compliments of Madame de Boismorel. Philosophy, imagination, sentiment, and thought, were equally exercised within me. I was not insensible to the effect of the magnificence round me, but I was indignant that its sole end should be to elevate certain individuals already too powerful, and little remarkable in themselves. I preferred the statues in the park to the personages in the *château*; and when my mother asked if I was pleased with my visit, — "Yes," I replied, "provided it comes to a speedy end. If I remain much longer, I shall hate it all so much that I shall not know what to do with myself." "What harm have they done you?" "They have made me feel injustice and behold absurdity."

All this is sufficiently superficial, and means little more than that the girl's fine and ardent soul, born for the highest issues, could not with patience bear to fathom the complete insignificance of her own position as thrown up by the evident outside superiority of persons not worthy to tie her shoe. There are scarcely any who are exempt from the prick of this sensation, which doubtless moves many a poor maiden as she walks along Rotten Row, just as strongly as it moved Manon in the avenues of Versailles.

Her life, however, was not always to pass in that delightful visionary freedom of early youth. So long as it lasted, few things could have been more sweet. After the convent and the transition period which she spent with her grandmother, she returned, a loving and much admired girl, to her mother's side, to the old corner by the window, the book-devouring, the dreams, the close correspondence with Sophie, now in Amiens, the domestic occupations which filled her life. At sixteen, as at six, she still read everything that came to hand — the most miscellaneous cargo of literature that was ever taken in by mortal brains. The Sundays were given up to modest pleasure, after that morning mass which was the duty of every day as well as Sunday, and which was respectfully attended by the mother, whose faith was vague, and by the daughter, whose once fervent creed was melting away, with a sort of high politeness towards God and their neighbor which is characteristically French. Madame Roland kept up the pious habit for years after, going to church for "the edi-

fication of her fellow-creatures," with a grave sense that it was *comme il faut* in the highest meaning of the word. But after mass the day was generally spent, at least in summer, in a long walk or expedition into the country. The Parisian *bourgeoisie* has always loved to exhibit itself in public promenades on that day of leisure, in all its bravery, and Made-moiselle Philpon did not refuse on an occasion to join her neighbors in this *étalage* of all their beauty and toilette. "I was not insensible," she says, "to the pleasure of appearing sometimes in the public promenades: they then offered a very brilliant spectacle, in which the young played an always agreeable part. Personal grace constantly received such homage as even modesty could not hide from itself, — a tribute to which the heart of a girl is always open. But this was not sufficient for mine. I experienced after these appearances, during which my awakened vanity was on the watch for everything that could increase my advantages, and assure me that I had not lost my time, an insupportable emptiness, an inquietude and disgust, which made me feel that I had bought too dearly the pleasures of gratified vanity." But the Sunday expeditions into the woods — especially to Meudon, which was the retreat of all others which she liked best — had a very different effect.

"Where shall we go to-morrow, if it is fine?" my father would say on the Saturday evenings in summer. Then he would look at me with a smile — "To Saint Cloud? The waters will be playing — everybody will be there." "Ah, papa! if you will but go to Meudon, I shall like it so much better." At five o'clock in the morning every one was ready: a light dress, fresh and simple, some flowers, a gauze veil, announced the intentions of the day. The odes of Rousseau, a volume of Corneille or some other, was all my baggage. We embarked at the Port Royal, which I could see from my windows, upon a little vessel which, in the silence of a gentle and rapid navigation, conducted us to the bank of Bellevue. From thence, by steep lanes, we gained the avenue of Meudon, nearly at the end of which stood a little house which became one of our stations. It was the cottage of a milkwoman. . . . Pleasant Meudon! how often have I breathed the fresh air under thy shades, blessing the author of my existence, while desiring that which should one day complete it; but with the charm of a wish without impatience, which did no more than color the mists of the future with rays of hope. . . . I recall to my mind the shady places where we passed the most of the day. There, while my father, stretching himself out on the grass, and my mother,

quietly reclining upon a heap of leaves which I had collected, gave themselves up to a moment of after-dinner repose, I contemplated the majesty of these silent woods, admired nature, and adored the providence of which I felt the benefits; the fire of sentiment colored my dewy cheeks, and the charms of the terrestrial paradise existed for my heart in that forest sanctuary.

It was on her return from one of these expeditions, to which she had been guided with great care and tenderness, her health being feeble, that the mother, who was Manon's chief source of happiness in her home, died suddenly, plunging the poor girl into despair. After this there occurred a period of depression and trouble of every kind. Various suitors presented themselves, of whom many were sent away, with a curtsy or a laugh; but one lingered, and only when he showed himself a heartless pedant, deceiving the young woman of genius at first by a show of literary enthusiasm to which she was not accustomed, was finally disposed of. Her father after her mother's death fell into dissipation, and squandered her little fortune. For a long time she struggled on with him, doing her best for the self-destroying man, who discouraged all the visitors who were congenial to her, and rejected rudely the excellent Roland when, after five years of respectful friendship, he presented himself as a suitor. Manon was at last obliged, in self-defence, to leave her father's house, establishing herself close to her old convent, under the protecting wing of the teachers of her youth; and it was from this place that her marriage was finally accomplished, after many delays and hardships. She became at twenty-five the wife of a man twenty years her senior, inferior to her both in mental power and force of character, somewhat limited, somewhat pedantic, austere and cold of nature; but yet a personage in his day, severe in integrity and honor, the just, the virtuous Roland, of whose possession of these adjectives the world became at last weary, as it has done in other cases. It was not a love-marriage in that sense of enthusiasm which would have become the impassioned soul of such a woman, at her height of beauty and young maturity. She had to reason her position out, which is not a usual preliminary in such a case: —

I reflected deeply on what I ought to do. I did not conceal from myself that a man of less than forty-five would not have waited several months before he attempted to change my resolution. And I confess that this brought down

my sentiments to a measure in which there was little illusion. I considered, however, on the other hand, that his final persistence, after much thought, assured me that I was appreciated, and that if he had overcome all sense of the external drawbacks which attended an alliance with me, I was so much the more certain of an esteem which I should not find much difficulty in justifying. In short, if marriage was, as I believed, a serious bond,—an association in which the woman charges herself with the daily happiness of two individuals,—was it not better that I should exercise my faculties and my courage in this honorable task than in the isolation in which I was living?

This was not the manner in which, while tracing her smiling way among the many discarded *partis* of her earlier youth, she had looked forward to marriage; but a woman who, without *arrière-pensée*, and with a full consciousness of all her powers, “charges herself with the daily happiness of two individuals,” taking upon herself the yoke of duty with a clear appreciation of all its meanings, has no ignoble part to play. Madame Roland did this and more. She lived for many years little known, in devotion to the task she had taken upon her, shrinking from none of its requirements. She made herself the physician, the nurse, even the cook of her husband, as well as his delightful and elevating companion—his inspiration in all the greater efforts of his life. She added not only to his happiness, but to his importance and reputation: and if, indeed, at the end her tender fidelity was disturbed by the unexpected intrusion of such a passion as ought to have been the light of her life, and his peace disturbed by the knowledge of it, yet was all done in honor, and this curious tragic divergence of the heart brought with it, at least, no breach of duty. Of this last drop of bitterness yet tragic sweetness in her cup, the wine mixed with myrrh and aloes with which life is mocked in its anguish, it is not yet the moment to speak.

Roland was a gentleman of good family—that is to say, he was noble, possessing the quality which had made Manon open her brown eyes when she saw the importance which it gave to Mademoiselle d'Hannaches, the *grande haquenée*, whose antiquated parchments and pretensions had been the scorn and astonishment of her youth. He held at the time of his marriage an appointment as inspector of manufactures, which took him at one time to Amiens, at another to Lyons. The latter place was so near his paternal home, La Platière, that he was able to spend the

greater part of the year there with his family. Here his wife had need of all her powers to steer clear of domestic strife, and preserve that happiness of two for which she had undertaken to provide. She passes lightly by the “domestic troubles of life with a woman—venerable by her age, terrible by her temper; and between two brothers—the younger of whom [her husband] carried independence to a passion, and the elder had both the habits and the prejudices of domination:” while of the happier qualities of this rural home we have the most charming indications in her letters. The autobiography runs rapidly over the peaceful years of her life. Time had grown terribly short with her, and the agitated days that remained after she had reached and recorded the period of her marriage, were kept for the expression of the last thoughts of a dying mother, wife, and patriot—in all these capacities wrung to the heart. She had dwelt with pleasure upon the story of her youth, but that accomplished, perhaps found her mature life less consolatory as a refuge from the present. It is to her letters that we have to turn to make out the story. Her correspondents were no longer the Sophie and Henriette of the convent. Roland, for some reason of his own, had checked her intimacy with those early friends; and we learn little of them in later life save in one romantic and touching incident which ends the tale. When Madame Roland was in prison, Henriette, the elder and less beloved of the sisters, but of an impulsive and generous nature, being a widow and childless, bethought herself that her life was of much less importance than that of her brilliant friend, and hurried to the prison, where, after all the difficulties of obtaining admission, she implored Madame Roland to change clothes with her, and so make her escape. “All my prayers, all my tears, were ineffectual,” Henriette tells us. “‘But they would kill thee,’ she said again and again. ‘I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than be the cause of thine.’” Thus ended the alliance of the schoolgirls, only upon the very margin of the grave.

The correspondence of Madame Roland in her married life was almost entirely with men, the political friends and associates of her husband. It would seem, by various indications, that scarcely one of them altogether escaped the fascination of intercourse with such a woman; but she walks serenely among them, in beautiful purity and kindness, softly sub-

duing all errant thoughts. Nothing could be more delightful than the little sketches of peaceful domestic existence which she sends to Bosc. She recounts to him in detail the circumstances of her life, in pages full of a freshness and calm which contrast strangely with the fervors of political sentiment which burn in her, amid all those tranquillizing, material cares of the store-room, the linen-closet, and the cellars. Never was a life more circumscribed and still.

I am housekeeper above all [she says]. My brother-in-law desires me to take charge of the house, which his mother has for many years given up, and which he is tired of managing himself. On getting up I am occupied with my husband and my child—teaching her to read, giving both their breakfast, then leaving them together in the study while I look after the house from the cellar to the granary. If there is any time to spare before dinner (and observe that we dine at midday, and that one must be dressed, as guests are always possible, whom the mother likes to invite), I rejoin my husband in the study at his work, in which I have always helped him. After dinner we remain together for a little, and I constantly sit with my mother-in-law till visitors arrive. The moment I am free, I return to the study, beginning or continuing to write. When the evening comes, our brother appears with it; the newspapers or something better are read aloud. Sometimes a few men come in; if I am not reading aloud, I sew modestly and listen, taking care that the child does not interrupt the reading, for she is always with us except on grand occasions. . . . I pay few visits save those of absolute necessity, but sometimes go out in the afternoon to walk with my husband and Eudora. . . . This kind of life would be hard if my husband were not a man of merit whom I love; but with that premiss, it is a delightful life, full of tender friendship and perfect confidence.

Here is a still more distinct little vignette of the peaceful domestic scene. This time she writes from Villefranche, the little neighboring town, where life is less complicated than at La Platière dating the letter

also from my fireside, but at eleven in the forenoon, after a peaceful night and the different cares of the morning, my husband (*mon ami*) at his desk, my little girl at her knitting, and I talking with one and watching over the work of the other, enjoying the happiness of my warm place in the midst of my dear little family, writing to a friend while the snow falls upon so many of the unhappy, overwhelmed with poverty and pain. I think with a compassionate heart of their evil fate; but I return sweetly upon my own, and at this moment all the complications of circumstance which seem sometimes to spoil its perfection are as nothing.

I am happy in returning to the ordinary routine of my life. I have had a visitor for the last two months—a charming woman, whose fine profile and delicate nose would have turned your head at first sight. On her account I have gone out a good deal, and seen company at home: she has been much thought of. We have mingled these pleasures with tranquil days in the country, and pleasant evenings employed in reading aloud and conversation. But, finally, we must always come back to our constant routine. We are now alone, and I return with delight to my narrower circle.

These charming descriptions of an existence so far from the tumults of the world, are mingled with playful discussions on a thousand subjects, with those little assaults and defences, delightful quarrels on paper, which give zest to correspondence, and keep up the recluse's hold upon a world in which, after all, and not in the store-room, her life lies. They are also, it must be added, distracted by the blaze of Revolutionary enthusiasm which flares out now and then, red and fierce, from the midst of the peaceful fields. As the fatal days go on, and the first heavings of the volcano send long thrills through the most distant rural places, the woman, banished from the scene of excitement, but with her heart in it, and the fever of the period burning in her veins, can scarcely restrain herself. Already she begins to feel the impatience of impotence, the rage for action. In December, '90, it is thus that her burning impatience, her passionate zeal, bursts forth:—

Make haste, then, to decree the responsibilities of Ministers, to bridle your executive, to organize the National Guard. A hundred thousand Austrians gather on your frontier,—the Belgians are beaten; our money flies, and no one cares how: it goes to princes and fugitives, who use our gold to make weapons for our subjugation. . . . *Tudieu!* Parisians as you are, you see no farther than your nose. You have no power over your Assembly. It is not the representatives that have made the Revolution: except a dozen or so, they are all below that task. It is public opinion, it is the people, which always acts well when that opinion is just; and the seat of that opinion is Paris. Complete your work there, or expect to water it with your blood. Adieu, citizen and friend, for life and death.

The reader will remember this letter, all aflame with zeal and passion, when he sees this enthusiast woman at the mercy of the Paris mob, learning painfully, by insult and outrage, what its opinion was worth, and casting despairing eyes to the despised provinces as containing the only hope of the country.

It was not till the beginning of the year '91 that the Rolands at last found themselves in Paris. Roland, whose powers of administration and industrious research into details were great, was sent there on a special mission from Lyons, in which place he had been exercising his office for years, and where he had, against all the prejudices of family and ancient connection, declared himself, as his wife did by nature, an ardent supporter of the Revolution. The eagerness with which Madame Roland rushed into all the political excitements of the time, it is easy to imagine. She had applauded the purity, the freshness of the country; but she was a Parisian born, and her life, reduced to a lower level of emotion than that which was natural to her by the circumstances of her marriage, rose to a new flood of active energy in this new life of the country, which filled the veins of France with wild exhilaration, and almost maddening hope of great things to come. No sooner was she in Paris than she rushed to the Assembly, gazing with a certain awe upon "the powerful Mirabeau, the astonishing Cazalés, the bold Maury, the astute Lameth, the cold Barnave," and remarking *avec dépit* the superiority of the Right in "the habit of representation," and in pure language and gentlemanly manners, yet flattering herself that reason, honesty, and enlightenment were on her own side, and must make their way.

The more extended description which she gives of Mirabeau in another place affords us a glimpse of the deeper insight in her which, partially silenced at first, further experience brought to light.

The only man in the Revolution [she says] whose genius could guide men, and give impulse to an assembly, great by his faculties, little by his vices, but always superior to the vulgar, and its unfailing master as soon as he took the trouble to command. He died soon after. I thought then that this was well, both for freedom and for his own reputation; but events have taught me to regret him more deeply. The counterbalancing power of a man of that force would have been very beneficial to oppose the action of a crowd of nobodies, and to preserve us from the domination of bandits.

There was, however, no idea of counterbalance of Any kind in the early days, before the Revolution had dipped its garment in blood. The rush of events, the still warmer rush of enthusiastic feeling, — in which every man urged his neighbor forward, and swelled the general tide of passion, — kept up an unspeakable exalt-

ation in the very atmosphere into which our provincials plunged as into the water of life. "Here one lives ten years in twenty-four hours," she cries; "the events and the affections twine together and succeed each other with a singular rapidity. The general mind was never occupied with interests so high. We rise to their height; opinion forms and grows enlightened amid the storms, and prepares at last the reign of justice." "I will end my life," she says, on another occasion, "when nature pleases; my last breath will be a sigh of joy and hope for the generations who succeed us." Thus, with head and heart alike aflame, she entered all glowing and brilliant into her natural atmosphere of high sentiment and exalted thoughts. She was full of prejudice and partisanship, as a woman would be, and glorified every member of her party with the fame of demigods, yet had a latent sense of its want of vital force, its tendency to words and hesitation where energetic action was needful, which burst forth now and then in a fling of feminine impatience. And it was amid these exciting scenes that a great event — the greatest of events — took place in her hitherto self-commanded life, in which all this time there had been no passion but liberty and patriotism. Among the men who gathered round Roland on his appearance in Paris was one whom she had foreseen years before, when she felt with awe the possibility that the man capable of being her lover might be met with some day, to the confusion of her peace. His name was Buzot, an active member of the party afterwards known as Girondists. He was to her a hero, a leader of men; but, alas! he has fallen so out of recollection, that we know him scarcely at all save as the man whom Madame Roland loved. There is nothing but an allusion here and there in the end of her "*Mémoires*" — "*Oh toi que je n'ose pas nommer!*" — to this love which never was to know an earthly close, which left her duty and her family untouched, but gave a new troubled, yet exultant, life to her heart. Afterwards, however, some three or four letters, written out of her prison, were found by eager research, and the mystery was solved. The letters are wonderful at once in their frankness and restraint, — some portions of them written as in lambent flame: yet we almost regret that Buzot's friend who had his papers did not obey his dying wish and burn them, leaving this great visionary passion a mystery forever. But human



nature must pay for its insatiable curiosity: and we learn from these letters the strange fact, last touch of heart-rending tragedy in this life of self-denial, that the object of this woman's passionate but visionary love was of the same *genre* as the husband to whom she had devoted herself with such untiring devotion, — no new hero, no apostle, as she supposed, but only a man of hot words and confused faculties, like the rest. This discovery, however, belongs to the final act, and need not be insisted upon now.

Roland was made minister of the interior — what we should call home secretary — in March, 1792, while still the king sat feebly on his undermined throne, and convulsive attempts were being made to render national life possible on that footing. They had just arranged for themselves a little apartment in the Rue de la Harpe, when the transfer to the official mansion had to be made: with a great thrill of ambition satisfied, or, rather, to speak more truly, of generous delight in the power to work, and exultation in finding free scope and use for all the subdued faculties of life. This at least was what the woman felt, though even now not without many a movement of impatience at the confusion of counsels to which she had to listen, and the slowness of action. The appearance of Roland at court, with a simple ribbon tying his shoes instead of buckles, and the sense of the valets and attendants that all was lost at sight of such a sign of the times, is well known. Madame Roland's position of semi-spectator, yet secret worker, throughout all this exciting period, and the subdued impatience of her silent figure, as we see her at first, within hearing of all that is going on, is very striking. "I knew what *rôle* belonged to my sex," she says, "and I never abandoned it. Their consultations were held in my presence, but I took no part in them: placed at a table outside the circle, I worked or wrote letters while they discussed and deliberated; but had I written ten letters, which was sometimes the case, I never lost a word of what was said, and sometimes had to bite my lips to keep in my opinion." An independent witness repeats the same description. "I have attended various meetings of ministers and the chief of the Girondists at her house. A woman might seem a little out of place in such assemblies, but she took no part in the discussions, sitting apart at her desk writing letters, or occupied with other work, yet never losing a word." To these

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descriptions she adds: "I found myself in the full tide of affairs, without intrigue or vain curiosity. Afterwards Roland talked over everything with me when we were alone, with the confidence which has always reigned between us, which has made but one of our united knowledge and opinions." That the careful and precise, but limited, man should thus betake himself to his private source of inspiration, when those aimless discussions were over, was inevitable. It is a thing tolerably sure to occur, even when the domestic oracle is less trustworthy. But by this time, the period when Madame Roland copied her husband's manuscripts and corrected his proofs — a period to which she cannot look back without a smile — was now long past. She was his scribe, but in another way. Her brilliant literary gift had given to his reports and opinions upon public questions a very different kind of popularity from that which his own respectable style would have merited. When the occasion arose for utterance on his part, it was she who flew to her ready pen, and flashed forth, energetic and concise, such trenchant and lucid sentences as are characteristic of French eloquence. Her letter to the king, which was thus produced at one sitting, — *d'un trait*, — is a fine example of those compositions, which the minister's silent wife, listening, biting her lips, eager to speak, yet holding by her *rôle*, as woman, too strongly to let fall a word, made into a national utterance as soon as the backs of the talkers were turned. And no doubt Roland would be very sure that he had dictated all that this brilliant, rapid amanuensis made him say. This special document originated as follows. Servan, one of the experimental ministry framed to reconcile the king and the people, had been dismissed; and it was the opinion of Roland, and, still more, of Roland's wife, that the others should send in their joint-resignations.

The ministers met; they deliberated, without coming to any conclusion, if not that they would meet again at eight o'clock in the morning, and that Roland should prepare a letter. I could never have believed, if circumstances had not compelled me to do so by experience, how rare are the qualities of judgment and decision, and, in consequence, how few men are equal to the conduct of business, still more to govern a country.

The letter was written, the great men assembled again. But still they hesitated; and Louis received the bold and uncompromising address, not from them,

but from Roland, as an individual. He dismissed him next day, and the disgraced minister communicated the *lettre au roi* to the Assembly, by whom it was received with acclamations, and ordered to be printed and distributed throughout the kingdom. The language was bold, — bolder perhaps than is often heard by kings. But in warning Louis of what might happen if the half-maddened people were convinced that he was secretly taking part against them, the solemn prophecies of the writer were but too soon and too cruelly justified. Whether an honest conception of the position might even then have saved both king and country, stopped massacre and bloodshed, and left France innocent of the horrors of September, the blood of the king, and much other besides, including that of the impassioned writer herself, who thus pointed out the only way of salvation to the tottering monarch, it is impossible to say. And it must be allowed that it was not probable. But the protest, in any case, was a noble one. And to think of the pair in that little cabinet, the innermost and smallest room of the suite, the grave old man, conscientious and industrious, whose thoughts even at that terrible moment are far more upon the beneficial administration of his bureau, the regulation of the internal affairs of the kingdom, than on uncongenial themes of blood; and the woman seated at the desk, from which so many eloquent pages have issued, pouring forth *d'un trait*, without a pause, that clear and noble statement of the crisis, menaced by so many dangers, the aureole of martyrdom hovering over her own bright head, as well as that of him she addressed, her own life hanging on the plea as his did, though she knew it not, — is the most affecting spectacle. If they ever met after in those realms where we know even as we are known, what might not the woman whom, no doubt, he thought one of the demons of the Revolution, have to say to her fellow-victim?

The current of life increases in speed as it nears the cataract, and events go hurrying on, both within and without, in those feverish years. After a few months of retirement in the Rue de la Harpe, Roland was restored to his post by the events of the 10th of August — the deposition and arrest of the king, and proclamation of the republic. But it was not long before it began to be apparent after this that the power was no longer in the hands of the moderate party, and that such a sober public servant as Roland oc-

cupied the most precarious place, at the pleasure of the party of blood which had accomplished this final act of the Revolution. Then came the terrible events of September. At the moment when the massacres were beginning, the court of the *Ministère* was filled by a party of men demanding Roland, whom Madame Roland succeeded in sending away, but who would seem to have been charged, had they found him, with power to arrest him. It was the first public evidence of his approaching downfall. Fear was in every heart; and a confused apprehension of some horror, he knew not what, had induced Roland to warn the authorities of the commune to take special precautions for the public safety, and above all, to watch over the prisons. The warning was quite ineffectual; and while Madame Roland parleyed with the crowd in her courtyard, and the powerless ministry held its confused council, the massacre of the prisoners, that most horrible of all the horrors of the Revolution, had begun. The ministers did not even know of it till the following morning. What is inexplicable, however, is that it was not till the 4th September, after two days of blood, that Roland's repeated order to Santerre, and declaration that he would be held responsible for the safety of every citizen, — *tous attentats commis sur un citoyen quelconque*, — was sent out. It was placarded over all the streets of Paris, while still, horror of horrors, *des curieux allaient voir ce spectacle!* and the gazer had it in his power to turn from the sight of the mad and brutal executioners striking down each pallid victim as he or she appeared, to the mandate upon the wall ordaining the *sûreté des personnes et des biens*, and the protection of every citizen, whoever he might be!

This exhibition of impotence turns all the utterances that poured from that little cabinet in the minister's house into vindications of himself rather than attempts for the public weal. Had they come from him alone, a certain contempt for the man who could explain and re-explain, while blood was flowing on every side, would be our chief sentiment. But when we remember the woman behind-backs writing — fighting, struggling, apostrophizing, denouncing, with the only instrument in her power — the feeling of the calm spectator at this far distance of time and possibility is softened. What could she do more? She could neither act nor inspire into acting her formal, anxious, panic-stricken husband, who was not made for such a



conflict; nor even the eager, much-discussing, gesticulating group who were his friends and hers, — who filled her *salons* with outcries of pain and horror, and did nothing. All that she could do was to placard the walls with evidences that it was not his fault — to write his apology and protest to the Assembly — to send over all the country his excuses for what he could not do, — his cry for the re-establishment of law and justice. Hers was the first voice that was raised against the reign of blood. With a caution all uncongenial to her fiery soul, she speaks of the horrible event: "It were perhaps well to throw a veil over the events of yesterday. There is something in the nature of things, and of the human heart, which makes excess follow victory: the sea, roused by a violent storm, will roar and rage after that is stilled. But let it not continue. There is still time; but there is not a moment to lose." Such is her guarded, anxious statement of events that make us shiver still. "Let them take my life," she cries, in the name of her husband, sick and ill at home with horror of the bloodshed — "Let them take my life; I desire to keep it only for the cause of freedom and equality. If they are violated, destroyed, be it by the reign of foreign despots or the errors of a deceived people, I have lived long enough." The Assembly answered with enthusiasm to this address, printed it, and distributed it over France — but did nothing, having no more power than Roland. And henceforward, for a little while longer, the Rolands, the Gironde, the enthusiasts, hoping against hope that something better might come of it, stood face to face, in a fever of expectation, with those who longed to shed their blood.

Various incidents come to the surface in the confused chaos of alarm and dizzy self-sustenance upon the edge of the precipice. On one occasion one of the many miserable informers of the time accused Madame Roland of intrigues against the republic. She was called to the bar of the Convention, and there defended herself with a grace and nobility which made her for one brief intoxicating moment the mistress of the Assembly, receiving the homage of those who had taken their places as her judges. She merely mentions this, in passing, in her memoirs; time had become too short with her even for the record of a moment which must, one would have thought, have stirred the blood in her veins. On the other side, it happened more than once that her husband and she were almost forced by their

friends to retire from the ministerial residence, lest they should be assassinated in the night. On one of these occasions, the house being surrounded by armed men of evil mien, she was implored to disguise herself, and a peasant's dress was chosen as the best or easiest form of disguise.

The cap which she put on was thought not coarse enough, and another was brought to her; but these cares revolted her, and produced an explosion of indignation, in which she threw off hastily both cap and gown. "I am ashamed," she cried, "of the part you make me play. I will neither disguise myself nor fly. If they choose to kill me, let them find me in my own house. I owe this lesson of firmness to the world, and I will give it." She pronounced these words with so much animation and decision that no one could find a word to say.

Roland resigned his post definitely in the beginning of January, '93, the day after the condemnation of the king. In April he made a last appeal for the ratification of his accounts, all given in with the scrupulous order that distinguished him at his demission, and for permission to retire to the country. The answer to this application was given in the scene with which this sketch opens. During all the intervening time, the vile Revolutionary press had exceeded itself in attacks upon the pair. The *Père Duchesne*, the most villanous example of what a newspaper addressed to the lower classes ever came to, expended its filth upon the virtuous minister and his wife. All the insults and mockery to which a woman exposes herself, who takes part in public life, were poured upon her head. The Convention, which had owned the influence of her high courage and eloquence, as well as of her beauty and personal charms, began to laugh with brutal insolence when the *femme Roland* was mentioned. The Girondists, who had been proud of her, were twitted continually with her influence. These vexatious outrages, which are made in jest, are the natural part of every feminine combatant; but it was doubly hard upon her, whom the doom of a man was awaiting, to receive this too in augmentation. When she was in prison, the insulting assaults of *Père Duchesne* were screamed out under her window, and especially an account of a supposed visit he had paid to her, and in which she was made to confess various horrors.

After three weeks of imprisonment in the Abbaye, she was liberated; but on

reaching her own house, was arrested once more, with cruel mockery of her hopes, and carried to Sainte Pélagie, where the rest of her life was spent, and where all that we have founded upon in this paper was written, — the peaceful idyll of her early years; the dreams of her beautiful youth; the compensations of her subdued existence as Roland's wife; the hopes of the dreamer and patriot finding in France renewed and glorious, and in the freedom and happiness of her country, a compensation for all individual privations. We have already said that we know no other instance of such a record made in such circumstances. When it was her anxious office to vindicate Roland, with a hundred repetitions, she was sometimes diffuse, sometimes sophistical, bound by what was possible for such a man to say. But her own vindication is clear and rapid, without return or *équivoque*, written *d'un trait*, as was her custom. The life of her prison is set before us with a mingling of calmness and fiery energy. Much, no doubt, was in her heart that she could not say. If it ever occurred to her (and who can doubt it must have done so?), in the satisfaction of knowing Roland and most of her friends far away and comparatively safe in the country, that it was somewhat bitter to be left alone to bear all the brunt in her own person, she never allows this bitterness to be apparent. One thing alone the reader cannot fail to see, and that is, that this woman, who has spent herself in his service, and whose last breath is to be used in defending him from every imputation, had become sick to the heart of her Roland — her virtuous, pettifogging statesman, with his bureaux and his circulars, his protests and self-vindications, his administrative capacity and impotent soul. Never, perhaps, until the moment came when his virtuous feebleness in face of so alarming an emergency became apparent, had she realized it fully: and the tragic disturbance of the new passion which had come into her life, and which it did not consist with her high spirit and sincerity to conceal, although always *demeurant fidèle à ses devoirs*, must have imported the strangest trouble into her life with her husband, at the very moment when she was exercising every faculty for his defence, and lived but to work for him. The relief of her escape from all these complications and from his tedious and depressing company, and the burden of his problems, made her prison almost a welcome refuge. Once there, with no

power to do anything more for him, she was for the first time in her life a free woman; and by moments gave vent to an outburst like that of the cavalier: —

If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone who are above  
Enjoy such liberty.

The few letters addressed to Buzot, the object of her visionary passion, breathe this sentiment in all its warmth. "I am not afraid to tell you, and you are the only person in the world who can understand it, that I was not sorry to be arrested," she says; and then expounds the curious medley of thought in her mind, not without a sense, at once pathetic and humorous, of the strange complexity of the situation.

They will thus be less furious, less ardent against R., I say to myself. If they bring me to the bar, I shall be able to defend myself in a way that will be useful to his reputation. It seems to me that I will thus make up to him for anything that I have made him suffer; but don't you see that in thus living alone it is with you (*toi*) that I live. Thus by my imprisonment I sacrifice myself to my husband. I keep myself to my friend, and I owe to my jailors the power of conciliating duty and love. Pity me not! Others admire my bravery, but know nothing of my compensations! you who can feel all, preserve them by the constancy of your courage.

There are other descriptions of her condition which rise to the very heights of poetic exaltation. But it is the peculiarity of these letters, among all the letters of love that have ever been written, that the woman to whom Buzot has become the first of men makes no appeal to his love or recollection — asks none of those questions, desires none of those assurances, which are the commonplaces of passion. That he should serve his country is what she asks. Writing from the prison which is sweet to her, because it sets her free to the enjoyment of his visionary society, these eloquent pages are more full of France than of love. "I will die satisfied in knowing that you are effectually serving your country," she says. "Your letter has sounded in my ears those manly accents in which I recognize a soul proud and free, occupied with great designs, superior to fate, capable of the most generous resolutions, the most sustained efforts. . . . Ah, it matters much, indeed, to know if a woman will live or not after you! The question is to preserve your existence, and make it use-

ful to our country." This was what her soul desired: after all the babble of talk, the pedantry of official work, a man who would *servir efficacement*, not falter and defend himself, even by her hand. Alas! most pitiful fate to which a woman can be subject — the fate which so many women have to accept as in a horrible satanic mockery of their eager hearts and restrained lives — this man, too, knew no better how to *servir efficacement* than Roland himself, and died miserably by his own pistol in a field, — not even for love of her, which might have been an excuse, but hunted down by the dogs of the republic, whom neither he nor Roland had force or mastery to subdue.

Fortunately she did not know this. She knew that her old Roland would not survive her, and said so with a curious sense of his dependence upon her, and absolute loyalty, which, indeed, she repaid in every act of her life, and in all her dispositions for dying, if not in her heart. But she could not foresee that Buzot would neither have the heart to sacrifice himself to her or to live for France, which would have been better. One more picture of the last stage of her existence, of the heart of the woman at the foot of the scaffold, at the end of her days, isolated from all the world, and speaking in the confidence of that supreme privacy to the being whom in all the world she loved best: —

Proud of being persecuted at a time when character and honor are proscribed, I should have been able, even without thee, to bear it with dignity; but you make it sweet and dear to me. The wicked think they overwhelm me behind their iron bars. Fools! what does it matter to me if I live here or there? I live everywhere by my heart, and to shut me up in a prison is to deliver me without drawback to this life of the affections. My company is what I love; my occupation to think of it. My duty when I am thus left alone limits itself to wishes for all that is good and just, and he whom I love occupies the first place in that order. I know too well what is imposed upon me by the natural course of things, to complain of the violence which has disturbed that course. And if I am to die, so be it: I have had what is best in life, and if it lasted it might bring me but new sacrifices. The moment when I felt the greatest joy in existing, — when I felt most strongly that exaltation of soul which braves all dangers, and rejoices in braving them, — is that in which I entered this Bastille, which my executioners have chosen for me. . . . Except the trouble into which I have been thrown by the new proscriptions, I have never enjoyed greater calm than in this strange situation, and I have felt the full sweetness of it

from the moment when I knew almost all to be in safety, and when I saw thee working in freedom to preserve that of thy country.

Yet she was not always so calm as she says. At one time she had made up her mind to suicide, thinking it no wrong to cheat the scaffold, and for the sake of her child, that the little Eudora might not be stripped of anything. But the friend who could have brought her the means for this would not consent to it, and she gave up the idea. It was harder to bear the constant society, — the sound of the disgusting conversations of the wretched women of the streets who were imprisoned in the same corridor. It is not from her own pen that we have the account of the effect she produced among them. "The chamber of Madame Roland" (it is, we think, Count Beugnot who speaks) "became the asylum of peace in that hell. If she went down into the court, her presence established order; and these unfortunates, whom no human influence had been able hitherto to master, were restrained by the fear of offending her. She moved about surrounded by women who pressed round her as around a patron saint." It is the same hand which describes her last appearance, when on her way to the tribunal and the scaffold: —

She wore a dress (*une Anglaise*) of white muslin, with a belt of black velvet, a bonnet of elegant simplicity over her beautiful hair, which floated over her shoulders. Her face seemed to me more animated than usual, her color brilliant, and a smile upon her lips. With one hand she held the train of her dress, the other was abandoned to a crowd of women who pressed round to kiss it. Those who knew what fate attended her, sobbed round her, recommending her in every case to Providence. Madame Roland replied affectionately to all. She did not promise to return, nor did she tell them that she was going to die, but her words were touching exhortations to peace, to courage, to hope, to the exercise of those virtues which become misfortune. . . . I gave her as she passed my message from Clavières. She answered in few words and with a firm voice. She had begun a sentence when the cry of the two attendants called her to the tribunal. At this cry, terrible for everybody but her, she stopped and held out her hand to me, "Adieu, monsieur; let us make peace, — it is time." Raising her eyes to me, she saw that I had difficulty in repressing my tears, and that I was violently agitated. She seemed touched, but added only the word, "Courage!"

In the same afternoon, at half past four, when the early shadows of the November night were gathering, the heavy equipage of death set out from the Conciergerie.

It rolled slowly along by the scenes in which her early life had passed. The quays, the river, the same horizon which she had watched from her little window from sunrise to sunset — that very window itself looked down upon the procession slowly moving along, the centre of a hideous crowd, which surrounded with cries of hatred the dark car and the white figure of its occupant. "There was no difference perceptible in her," says another witness who met the train near the Pont-Neuf. "Her eyes were full of light, her complexion fresh and clear; a smile was upon her lips." Beside her, an image of terror and downfall, with his head bent on his breast, was her fellow-sufferer, Lamarche, whom she cheered and encouraged, by times saying something which brought a smile even to his lips. When they reached the guillotine, it was her right as a woman, the compliment of French gallantry to its victims, to die first. But even then she was able to think of her poor companion. "Go first," she said; "the sight of my death will be too much for you."

The executioner hesitated to give his consent to an arrangement contrary to his orders. "Can you refuse a woman her last wish?" she said to him with a smile. At last her turn came. While she was being fastened to the fatal block, her eyes encountered a colossal image of Liberty, a statue made of plaster, which had been raised for the anniversary of the 10th of August. "Oh, Liberty!" she cried, "how they have cheated thee!" Then the knife fell.

Poor old Roland in his retreat in the country, where he had lived miserably like a hunted creature, heard the news, and fainted when he heard it. It was discussed between him and his friends, two old ladies, who had sheltered him at the peril of their lives, what death he should die. The women would have had him go to Paris, fling himself into the midst of the commotion, pour forth all the abhorrence and indignation of his heart, and claim the right of dying like his wife. The old man had no heart for such a theatrical exit, and he, too, thought of his child and the property that would be confiscated if he died on the scaffold. A week after his wife's death he went out alone from his asylum, and walked through the dark wintry night, one does not know how far, or by what caprice he chose the spot. He sat down upon the low wall of an avenue leading to a little country house, and there in silence and darkness put his dagger into his heart. He was found sit-

ting there next morning, calm and silent, death not having even changed his position, with a writing in his pocket, begging that his remains might be respected, as they were those of an honest man.

Buzot lived nearly a year after him, wrote his memoirs also, and might have lived to occupy a government post, and die in his bed like other men, but for a search that was made from Bordeaux after the proscribed. The fugitives had not even the skill to escape, except by the easy way of the pistol. And here was an end of all their passion and their hopes.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE LADIES LINDORES.

##### CHAPTER XLI.

CARRY drove away from Lindores in the afternoon sunshine, leaning back in her corner languidly watching the slanting light upon the autumnal trees, and the haze in which the distance was hid, soft, blue, and ethereal, full of the poetry of nature. She had about her that soft languor and delicious sense of freedom from pain which makes convalescence so sweet. She felt as if she had got over a long and painful illness, and, much shattered and exhausted, was yet getting better, in a heavenly exemption from suffering, and perfect rest. This sense of recovery, indeed, is very different from the languor and exhaustion of sorrow; and yet without any intention of hers, it veiled with a sort of innocent hypocrisy those feelings which were not in consonance with her supposed desolation and the mourning of her widowhood. Her behavior was exemplary, and her aspect all that it ought to be, everybody felt; and though the country-side was well aware that she had no great reason to be inconsolable, it yet admired and respected her for appearing to mourn. Her fragility, her paleness, her smile of gentle exhaustion and worn-out looks, did her unspeakable credit with all the good people about. They were aware that she had little enough to mourn for, but there are occasions on which nature demands hypocrisy. Any display of satisfaction at another's death is abhorrent to mankind. Carry in her convalescence was no hypocrite, but she got the credit of it, and was all the better thought of. People were almost grateful to her for showing her husband this mark of respect. After all, it is hard, indeed, when a man goes out of this world with-

out even the credit of a woman's tears. But Carry had no sorrow in her heart as she drove away from the door of her former home. It had not been thought right that she should go in. A widow of not yet a fortnight's standing may, indeed, drive out to get a little air, which is necessary for her health, but she cannot be supposed to be able to go into a house, even if it is her father's. She was kissed tenderly and comforted, as they took leave of her. "My darling Carry, Edith and I will drive over to see you tomorrow; and then you have the children," her mother said, herself half taken in by Carry's patient smile, and more than half desirous of being taken in. "Oh yes, I have the children," Carry said. But in her heart she acknowledged, as she drove away, that she did not even want the children. When one has suffered very much, the mere absence of pain becomes a delicious fact, a something actual, which breathes delight into the soul. Even when your back aches or your head aches habitually, to be free of that for half an hour is heaven; and Carry had the bewildering happiness before her of being free of it forever. The world bore a different aspect for her; the air blew differently, the clouds floated with another motion. To look out over the plain, and away to the blue hills in the distance, with all their variety of slopes, and the infinite sweet depths of color and atmosphere about them, was beyond all example delightful, quite enough to fill life and make it happy. In the heavenly silence she began to put her thoughts into words, as in her youth she had done always when she was deeply moved. Oh, who are they that seek pleasure in the world, in society, in feasts and merrymakings, when it is here, at their hand, ready for their enjoyment? This was her theme. The sunset upon the hills was enough for any one; he who could not find his happiness in that, where would he find it? Carry lay back in her corner, and felt that she would like to kiss the soft air that blew upon her, and send salutations to the trees and the sun. What could any one want more? The world was so beautiful, pain had gone out of it, and all the venom and the misery. To rest from everything, to lie still and get better, was of itself too exquisite. Carry had not for a long time written any of those little poems which Edith and Nora and some other choice readers had thought so lovely. Her tears had grown too bitter for such expression — and to feel herself flow forth once again

into the sweet difficulties of verse was another delight the more. She was all alone, in deep weeds of widowhood, and almost every voice within twenty miles had within the last fortnight more than once uttered the words "Poor Lady Car!" but oh, how far from poor she felt herself! In what exquisite repose and peace was she mending of all her troubles!

Sometimes she would ask herself, with a wonder which enhanced the sweetness, Was it really all over — all over — come to an end, this nightmare which had blotted out heaven and earth? Was it possible? never to come back to her again round any corner, never to have any more power over her. Henceforward to be alone, alone — what word of joy! It is a word which has different meanings to different people. To many in Carry's position it is the very knell of their lives — to her there was a music in it beyond the power of words to say. Her weakness had brought that misery on herself: and now, was it possible that she was to fare so much better than she deserved, to get rid of it forever? She drew a long breath, and imagined how different things might have been: she might have lived to be an old woman under that yoke; she might never have got free — her mind, nor her imagination, nor her life. She shuddered to think what might have been. But it was over, ended, finished, and she was free — done with it forever. She had not deserved this; it was a happiness which it was scarcely possible to realize. Poor Carry, futile even in her anticipations of relief! It never occurred to her that the two little children to whom she was returning — now all her own, she was so foolish as to think — were pieces of Torrance, not done with, never to be done with as long as her life lasted; but she was as unconscious of that, as incapable of thinking of any harm to come from those round-faced, stolid babies, as — any other mother could be.

Thus she was driving along, very happy, very still, exhausted and languid and convalescent, with all the beautiful world before her, full of consolation and peace, when trouble set out to meet her upon her way. Poor Lady Car! she had suffered so much, — did not life owe her a little quiet, a breathing moment — long enough to get better in — quite better, as we say in Scotland — and get the good of her deliverance? Indeed it seemed so: but to different souls different experiences. Some would have escaped, would have gone on softly, never quite getting



over the dismal preface of their life to the sight of spectators, but in reality tasting the sweetness of repose — till the inevitable moment came, as it does to all, when the warfare has to be taken up again. But to Carry there was left no interval at all. She so delicate, so sensitive, all her nerves so highly strung, quiet would have been everything for her. But quiet she was not to have. Trouble set out from the gate of Dalrulzian while she rolled softly along to meet it, unconscious, thinking of nothing which could justify that sudden apparition — not a feeling in her going out towards it, or provoking the sight. The trouble which thus approached Lady Car was in the shape of Edward Beaufort, his tall figure slightly stooping, yet in the full vigor of manhood, his countenance gently despondent, a habitual sigh hanging, as it were, about him: the ends of his luxuriant beard lightly moved by the breeze. He walked somewhat slowly, musing, with nothing particular to do, and Carry caught sight of him for some time before they met. She gave a low cry and sat upright. Her convalescent heart lying so still, so sweetly silent and even in its gentle beatings, like a creature that had been hurt, and was coming softly to itself, leaped up with a bound and spring, and began to go again like a wild thing, leaping, palpitating, pulling at its leash. The first movement was terror — for though her tyrant was gone, the tradition of him was still upon her, and she could not get rid of the instinct all at once. "My God!" she said to herself in the silence, clasping her hands, "Edward!" with something of the wild passion of alarm which John Erskine had once seen. But then all in a moment again this terror subsided. Her sense of convalescence and repose flew away like the wind. A wild flood of joy and happiness rushed into her heart. "Edward!" — for the first time, feeling herself carried away by a drowning and dazzling tide of life, which blinded and almost suffocated her, Carry realized in one moment what it meant to be free. The effect was too tremendous for any thought of prudence, any hesitation as to what his sentiments might be, or what was suitable to her own position. She called to the coachman to stop, not knowing what she did, and with her head and her hands stretched out from the window, met him as he came up.

For the first moment there was not a word said between them, in the excess of emotion, he standing below, she looking out from above, her white face surrounded

by the widow's livery of woe, but suddenly flushed and glowing with life and love, and a kind of triumphant ecstasy. She had forgotten what it meant — she had not realized all that was in it; and now it burst upon her. She could not think, scarcely breathe — but held out her hands to him, with that look beyond words to describe. And he took them in the same way, and bent down his face over them, silent, not saying a word. The coachman and footman on the box thought it was excess of feeling that made this meeting so silent. They were sorry for their mistress, who was not yet able to meet any one with composure; and the low brief conversation that followed, sounded to them like condolence and sympathy. How astounded the men would have been, and the still landscape around them, with its houses hidden in the trees, and all its silent observers about, had they known what this colloquy actually was.

"Edward!" was the first word that was said — and then "Carry! Carry! but I ought not to call you so."

"Oh, never call me anything else," she cried; "I could not endure another name from you. Oh, can you forgive me, have you forgiven me? I have paid for it — bitterly, bitterly! And it was not my fault."

"I never blamed you. I have forgiven you always. My suffering is not older than my forgiveness."

"You were always better than I;" and then she added eagerly, not pausing to think, carried on by that new tide that had caught her, "It is over; it is all over now."

It was on his lips to say "Thank God" — but he reflected, and did not say it. He had held her hands all the time. There was nobody to see them, and the servants on the box were sympathetic and silent. Then he asked, "Will they let me go to you now?"

"You will not ask any leave," she said hastily — "no leave! There are so many things I have to say to you — to ask your pardon. It has been on my heart to ask your pardon every day of my life. I used to think if I had only done that I could die."

"No dying now," he said, with her hands in his.

"Ah," she cried, with a little shudder, "but it is by dying I am here."

He looked at her pitifully with a gaze of sympathy. He was prepared to be sorry if she was sorry. Even over his rival's death Edward Beaufort felt himself

capable of dropping a tear. He could go so far as that. Self-abnegation is very good in a woman, but in a man it is uncalled for to this degree. He could put himself out of the question altogether, and looked at her with the deepest sympathy, ready to condole if she thought proper. He was not prepared for the honesty of Carry's profound sense of reopening life.

"You have had a great deal to bear," he said, with a vague intention of consoling her. He was thinking of the interval that had elapsed since her husband's death; but she was thinking of the dismal abyss before, and of all that was brought to a conclusion by that event.

"More than you can imagine — more than you could believe," she said; then paused, with a hot blush of shame, not daring to look him in the face. All that she had suffered, was not that a mountain between them? She drew her hands out of his, and shrinking away from him, said, "When you think of that, you must have a horror of me."

"I have a horror of you!" he said, with a faint smile. He put his head closer as she drew back. He was changed from the young man she had known. His beard, his mature air, the lines in his face, the gentle, melancholy air which he had acquired, were all new to her. Carry thought that no face so compassionate, so tender, had ever been turned upon her before. A great pity seemed to beam in the eyes that were fixed with such tenderness upon her. Perhaps there was not in him any such flood of rosy gladness as had illuminated her. The rapture of freedom was not in his veins. But what a look that was! A face to pour out all your troubles to — to be sure always of sympathy from. This was what she thought.

Then in the tremor of blessedness and overwhelming emotion, she awoke to remember that she was by the roadside — no place for talk like this. Carry had no thought of what any one would say. She would have bidden him come into the carriage and carried him away with her — her natural support, her consoler. There was no reason in her suddenly roused and passionate sense that never again must it be in any one's power to part them. Nor did she think that there could be any doubt of his sentiments, or whether he might still retain his love for her, notwithstanding all she had done to cure him of it. For the moment she was out of herself. They had been parted for so

long — for so many miserable years — and now they were together. That was all — restored to each other. But still, the first moment of overwhelming agitation over, she had to remember. "I have so much to tell you!" she cried; "but it cannot be here."

"When shall I come?" he said.

Carry's impulse was to say "Now, now!" It seemed to her as if parting with him again would be tempting fate. For the first time since she had got her freedom, she put forth all her powers consciously, and controlled herself. It seemed to her the utmost stretch of self-denial when she said, "To-morrow," with a long-drawn breath, in which her whole being seemed to go out to him. The next moment the carriage was rolling along as it had done before, and Carry had dropped back into her corner, but not as she was before. Her entire world was changed. The glow of life which had come back to her was something which she had not known for years. It belonged to her early bloom, when she had no thought of ever being Lady Car or a great personage. It belonged to the time when Edward Beaufort was the lord of the ascendant, and nobody thought him beneath the pretensions of Carry Lindores. The intervening time had rolled away and was no more. She put her hands over her eyes to shut out everything but this that had been, and was, in spite of all obstacles. Her heart filled all the silence with tumultuous, joyful beating. It was all over, the prison-time of her life — the evil time — gone like a bad enchantment — past and over, leaving no sign. It seemed to her that she could take up her life where she laid it down six years ago, and that all would be as though this interruption had never been.

#### CHAPTER XLII.

No morning ever broke which brought more exciting expectations than the morning of the 25th September in the various houses in which our history lies. Of the dozen people whose interests were concerned, not one but awoke early to the touch of the warm autumnal sunshine, and took up with a start of troubled energy, painful or otherwise, the burden of existence, of which for a few hours they had been partially oblivious. The women had the best of it, which is not usual; although in the mingled feelings of Lady Lindores, glad that her child had carried out her expectations, yet half sorry, now it was over, that Edith had not accepted the



great matrimonial prize put into her hands — and in those of Edith herself, happy in having so successfully surmounted the incident Millefleurs, yet greatly disturbed and excited about the coming events as concerned John Erskine, and doubtful whether she ought to have written to him so very frank and undisguised a letter, — there was as much pain as pleasure. As for Carry, when she woke in the gloomy magnificence of Tinto, and all the warmth and glowing hopes of yesterday came back to her mind with a bound, there was nothing in her thoughts which prevented her lying still upon her pillows and letting the flood of light sweep into her heart, in a luxury of happiness and peace which was past describing. She did not for the moment even need to think of the meeting to come. Blessedness seemed suddenly to have become habitual to her once more. She woke to the delight of life. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive." The past had flown away like a dream: was it a dream altogether, a nightmare, some dark shadow of fear and pain, from which the oppressed soul, having at last awoke, was free? Beaufort at Dalrulzian got up to a similar feeling. He had been obliged to find himself something of a failure — but he, too, seemed to be restored to the hopes and the standing-ground of youth. He would now have no excuse to himself for his absence of energy and ambition. His youthful strength was still unimpaired, though he had made so much less of it than he ought. And now here were all the occasions for a fresh beginning — sympathy to support him and to inspire him. Not only would he be happy, but at last he would do something — he would carry out all hopes and prophecies of him now.

This was the brighter side — but in Lindores the sentiments of the chief personages in the house were not so pleasant. Lord Lindores was angry and humiliated, furious with his daughter and still more with his wife, who, he had no doubt, with her ridiculous romance, had filled the girl's head with follies — and not much less with Millefleurs, who had thus suffered himself to be foiled. But his disturbed cogitations were as nothing to the tumult of pain and alarm which rose up in Rintoul's mind when he opened his eyes to the morning light. When the young man awoke he had first a moment of bewildered consideration, which was the meaning of the confused sense of disaster of which he became instantly conscious — and then he sprang from his bed

unable to rest, eager for movement or anything which would counterbalance the fever of the crisis. This was the day. He could delay no longer; he could not trifle with the situation, or leave things to chance after to-day. It would be a new beginning in his life. Hitherto all had gone on serenely enough. He had gone with the stream, he had never set himself in opposition to the world or its ways, never done anything to draw men's eyes upon him. But after to-day all would be changed. To-morrow his name would be telegraphed over all the world in newspaper paragraphs; to-morrow every fellow he had ever known would be saying: "Rintoul! what Rintoul? You never can mean —" No, they would all feel it to be impossible. Rintoul who was so safe, who never got into scrapes, whom they even laughed at as a canny Scot, though he did not feel a Scot at all. It would be incredible to all who had ever known him. And what a scandal, what an outcry it would make! In his own family even! Rintoul knew that Carry was not a broken-hearted widow, and yet it seemed to him that, after she knew, she would never speak to him again. It made his heart sink to think of all the changes that in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, would become inevitable. His father, with what rage, and misery, and confusion of all his plans and hopes, would he hear it! with what consternation his mother and sister! As for himself, everything would be interrupted and set aside, his life in every way turned upside-down, his ambition checked, his hopes destroyed. And all this to save John Erskine from a certain amount of inconvenience! That was how at least it appeared to him — really from inconvenience, nothing more. John was not a man of rank like himself, full in the eyes of the world — he was not responsible to a proud and ambitious father. A short term of imprisonment to him would be like a disagreeable visit, nothing more. Many people had to spend a certain part of every year, for instance, with an old uncle or aunt, somebody from whom they had expectations. It really would be little or nothing more than this. And it was not as if it had been anything disgraceful. The county would not think the worse of him; it was an accident, a thing that might have happened to any one. But to Rintoul how much more terrible! he the brother-in-law of the man, with a sort of interest in his death. He would have to leave his regiment. All his projects for life would be interrupted.

By the time he was free again, he would be forgotten in society, and his name would be *flettri* forever. These thoughts sent him pacing about his room with hasty steps, the perspiration standing on his forehead. All to save John Erskine, who was just as much to blame as he was — for the first quarrel was the one which had excited that unfortunate fellow; all to save from a little inconvenience another man!

Perhaps if he had been placed simply in front of the question whether he would let another man be punished for what he had done, Rintoul would have had spirit enough to say no; certainly if it had been put to him quickly for an instant decision, without time to think, he would have said no, and held by his honor. But something else more determined than himself stood before him. Nora! He might use sophistries for the confusing of his own intellect — but not hers. She would look at him, he knew how. She would turn away from him, he knew how. The anticipation of that glance of high scorn and unspoken condemnation made Rintoul tremble to the depths of his being. When he thought of it he braced himself up with a rapidity and certainty much unlike the previous hesitating strain of his thoughts. "It must be done," he said to himself. He might beguile himself with argument, but he could not beguile *her*. The thought might intrude upon him whether he had been wise to let her know — whether it might not have been better to keep it to himself; but, having done it, the question was now not only whether he was content to lose Nora — but if he was content to put up with her scorn and immeasurable contempt.

They all remarked how pale he was when he came to breakfast — ghastly pale, lines under his eyes, the corners of his mouth drooping; his hair, which he had tried hard to brush as usual, hung limp, and would not take its accustomed curl. Lady Lindores tortured him by useless inquiries about his health. "You are ill — I am sure you are ill. You must let me send for the doctor." "For goodness' sake, mother, let a fellow alone. I am as well as you are," had been his amiable answer. He all but swore at the servants, all but kicked the dog, who thrust with confiding importunity his head under his master's arm. The situation was intolerable to him — his thoughts were buzzing in his ears and all about him, so that he did not hear what the other people said; and they talked — with what frivolous

pertinacity they talked! — about nothing at all, about the most trivial things; while he was balancing something that, in his excitement, he felt inclined to call life or death.

But, indeed, Rintoul's impressions as to the gaiety and lively conversation going on were as far as possible from the truth. There was scarcely any conversation, but a general embarrassment. Millefleurs was the only one who said much. He bore his disappointment so sweetly, and was so entirely master of the situation, that Lord Lindores grew more and more angry. He made various sharp replies, but the little marquis took no heed. He gushed forth, like a flowing stream, a great many pleasant details about his going home. He was going home in a day or two. His visit to Lindores was one which he could never forget; it had gained him, he hoped, friends for life. Wherever he went he would carry with him the recollection of the kindness he had received. Thus he flowed forth, doing his best, as usual, to smooth down the embarrassment of the others. But the hour of the repast was somewhat terrible to everybody. Decorum required that they should all sit a certain time at the table, and make a fashion of eating. People have to eat will they nill they, that they may not betray themselves. They all came to the surface, so to speak, with a gasp, as Millefleurs said in his round and velvety voice, "I suppose you are going to Dunearn to this examination, Lord Lindores?"

"It is a private affair, not an open court; but to show an interest, I suppose I ought to be somewhere near" — was the answer; and there arose at that moment a howl of fright and pain from the dog, upon whom Rintoul had spilt a cup of tea. He got up white and haggard, shaking off the deluge from his clothes. "These brutes get insufferable," he cried; "why can we never have a meal without a swarm of them about?"

The proceedings had begun at Dunearn before any of the party from Lindores arrived there. Rintoul, who was the first to set out, walked, with a sort of miserable desire of postponing the crisis; and Lord Lindores, with a kind of sullen friendliness towards John, followed in his phaeton. They were both late, and were glad to be late; which was very different from Miss Barbara, who, wound up by anxiety to an exertion which she could not have believed herself capable of, had walked from her house, leaning on Nora's arm, and was waiting on the spot when

John was driven up in a shabby old fly from Dunnotter. The old lady was at the door of the fly before it could be opened, putting out her hand to him. "My bonnie lad, you'll come to your luncheon with me at half past one; and mind that you're not late," she said, in a loud, cheerful, and confident voice, so that every one could hear. She took no notice of the lookers-on, but gave her invitation and her greeting with a fine disdain of all circumstances. Nora, upon whom she was leaning, was white as marble. Her eyes were strained with gazing along the Lindores road. "Who are you looking for, Nora?" Miss Barbara had already asked half-a-dozen times. It was not much support she got from the tremulous little figure, but the old lady was inspired. She stood till John had passed into the town-house, talking to him all the time in a voice which sounded over all the stir of the little crowd which had gathered about to see him. "Janet cannot bide her dishes to be spoilt. You will be sure and come in time. I'll not wait for you, for I'm not a great walker; but everything will be ready at half past one."

When she had thus delivered her cheerful message, Miss Barbara turned homeward, not without another remark upon Nora's anxious gaze along the road. "You are looking for your fine friends from Lindores; we'll see none of them to-day," said the old lady resolutely, turning her companion away. She went on talking, altogether unaware how the girl was suffering, yet touched by a perception of some anxiety in her. "You are not to be unhappy about John Erskine," she said at last. These words came to Nora's ears vaguely, through mists of misery, anger, bitter disappointment, and that wrath with those we love which works like madness in the brain. What did she care for John Erskine? She had almost said so, blurring out the words in the intolerance of her trouble, but did not, restrained as much by incapacity to speak as by any other hindrance. To think that he for whom she was watching had proved himself incapable of an act of simple justice! to think that the man whom she had begun by thinking lightly of, but had been beguiled into loving she did not know how, sure at all events of his honor and manliness—to think that he should turn out base, a coward, sheltering himself at the cost of another! Oh, what did it matter about John Erskine? John Erskine was a true man—

nothing could happen to him. Then there arose all at once in poor Nora's inexperienced brain that bitterest struggle on earth, the rally of all her powers to defend and account for, while yet she scorned and loathed, the conduct of the man she loved. It is easy to stand through evil report and good by those who are unjustly accused, who are wronged, for whom and on whose behalf you can hold your head high. But when, alas! God help them, they are base, and the accusation against them just! Nora, young, unused to trouble, not knowing the very alphabet of pain, fell into this horrible pit in a moment, without warning, without escape. It confused all her faculties, so that she could do nothing save stumble blindly on, and let Miss Barbara talk of John Erskine—as if John Erskine and the worst that could happen to him were anything, anything! in comparison with this passion of misery which Nora had to bear.

And she was so little used to suffering. She did not know how to bear. Spartans and Indians and all those traditionary Stoics are bred to it—traiped to bear torture and make no sign; but Nora had never had any training, and she was not a Spartan or a Red Indian. She was a woman, which is perhaps next best. She had to crush herself down; to turn away from the road by which Rintoul might still appear; to go in to the quiet rooms, to the ordinary morning occupations, to the needlework which Miss Barbara liked to see her do. Anything in the world would have been easier; but this and not anything else in the world was Nora's business. And the sunny silence of the gentle feminine house, only disturbed by Miss Barbara's ceaseless talk about John, closed round her. Janet came "ben" and had her orders. Agnes entered softly with her mistress's cap and indoor shawl. All went on as it had done for years.

This calm, however, was soon interrupted. The Lindores' carriage drew up at the door, with all the dash and splendor which distinguishes the carriage of a countess when it stops at a humble house. Miss Barbara had a standing prejudice against these fine half-foreign (as she supposed) people. She rose up with the dignity of an archduchess to receive her visitors. Lady Lindores was full of anxiety and sympathy. "We are as anxious as you can be," she said, kissing Miss Barbara warmly before the old lady could draw back.

"Deed I cannot say that I am anxious

at all," said Miss Barbara, with her head high. "A thing that never happened cannot be proved against any man. I am expecting my nephew to his luncheon at half past one. As there's nothing against him, he can come to no harm. I will be glad to see your ladyship and Lady Edith to meet him—at half past one," the old lady said, with marked emphasis. She had no inclination to allow herself to be intruded upon. But Edith attained what her mother failed to achieve. She could not conceal her agitation and excitement. She grew red and pale a dozen times in a minute. "Oh yes, Miss Barbara, I feel with you. I am not anxious at all!" she cried.

Why should she be anxious? what had she to do with John? Her flutter of changing color touched Miss Barbara's heart in spite of herself. No, she would not be a suitable wife for John Erskine; an earl's daughter was too grand for the house of Dalrulzian. But yet—Miss Barbara could not help being mollified. She pushed an easy-chair towards the mother of this bonnie creature. "It will be a pleasure to him to hear that there are kind hearts caring for what happens to him. If your ladyship will do me the honor to sit down," she said, with punctilious yet suspicious respect.

"Papa is there now," said Edith, whispering to Nora; "and Lord Millefleurs came with us, and will bring us word how things are going. Rintoul started before any of us—"

"Rintoul!" said Nora—at least she thought she said it. Her lips moved, a warm suffusion of color came over her, and she looked wistfully in Edith's face.

"He thought he would get to Duncarn before us,—but, after all, horses go faster than men. What is the matter? Are you ill, Nora?"

Nora was past making any reply. The cessation of pain, that is more, a great deal more, than a negative good. For the first moment, at least, it is bliss, active bliss—more than anything else known to men. Of course Nora, when she came to herself, explained that it was a sudden little spasm, a feeling of faintness,—some thing she was used to. She was quite well, she declared; and so it proved by the color that came back to her face. "She has not been herself all the morning," said Miss Barbara; "she will be the better of young company—of somebody like herself."

After this the ladies tried to talk on indifferent subjects. There were inquiries

to be made for Lady Caroline, "poor thing!" and she was described as being "better than we should have dared to hope," with as near an approach to the truth as possible; and then a scattered fire of remarks, now one, now another, coming to the front with sudden energy; while the others relapsed into the listening and strain of curiosity. Miss Barbara held her head high. It was she who was the most steady in the conversation. She would not suffer it to be seen that she had any tremor as to what was going on. But the girls were unequal to this fortitude. They fluctuated from red to white, and from white to red. They would stop in the middle of a sentence, their voices ending in a quaver, as if the wind had blown them out. Why should they be so moved? Miss Barbara noted it keenly, and felt with a thrill of pleasure that John was getting justice. Two of them!—the bonniest creatures in the county! How their rival claims were to be settled afterwards she did not inquire; but in the mean time, at the moment when he was under so dark a cloud, it warmed her heart to see him so much thought of: the Erskines always were so; they were a race that women loved and men liked, and the last representative was worthy of his sires.

Hours seemed to pass while the ladies thus held each other in a wonderful tension and restraint, waiting for the news: until a little commotion in the stair, a hurried step, brought them all to their feet with one impulse. It was little Millefleurs who rushed in with his hat pressed to his breast. "Forgive the intrusion," he cried, with pants of utterance; "I'm out of breath; I have run all the way. Erskine is coming after me with Lord Lindores." He shook hands with everybody vehemently in his satisfaction. "They let me in because I was the duke's son, don't you know; it's convenient now and then; and I bolted with the news. But nobody presents me to Miss Erskine," he said, aggrieved. "Madam, I am Millefleurs. I was Erskine's fag at Eton. I have run miles for him to buy his buns and jam; but I was slimmer in those days."

Miss Barbara had sunk upon a chair. She said, with a panting of her ample bosom as if she had been running too, "You are too kind, my Lord Millefleurs. I told John Erskine to be here at half past one to his luncheon. You will all wait and meet him. You will wait and meet him——" She repeated the words with

a little sob of age, half laughter half tears. "The Lord be praised! — though I never had any doubt of it," the proud old lady said.

"It has all come perfectly clear," said Millefleurs, pleased with his position as the centre of this eager group. "The right man, the person to whom it really happened, has come forward most honorably and given himself up. I don't clearly understand all the rights of the story. But there it is; the man couldn't stand it, don't you know. I suppose he thought nothing would ever be found out; and when he heard that Erskine was suspected and taken, he was stunned at first. Of course he should have produced himself at once; but all's well that ends well. He has done it now."

"The man — that did it?" It was Nora that said this, gazing at him with perfectly colorless cheeks, standing out in the middle of the room, apart from the others, who were for the moment too completely satisfied with the news to ask more.

"Don't think it is crime," said Millefleurs soothingly. "There is every reason to conclude that accident will be the verdict. In the mean time, I suppose he will be committed for trial; but all these are details, don't you know," he said in his smooth voice. "The chief thing is, that our friend is clear and at liberty; and in a few minutes he'll be here."

They scarcely noticed that Nora disappeared out of the room in the joyful commotion that followed. She went away, almost suffocating with the effort to keep her emotion down. Did he know of whom it was that he was speaking? Was it possible that he knew? the son of one, the brother of another — to Nora more than either. What did it mean? Nora could not get breath. She could not stay in the room, and see all their relieved, delighted faces, the undisturbed satisfaction with which they listened and asked their questions. Was the man a fool? Was he a creature devoid of heart or perception? An hour ago Nora had thought that Rintoul's absence from his post would kill her, that to see him do his duty was all she wanted on earth. But now the indifference of everybody around to what he had done, the ease with which the story was told, the unconsciousness of the listeners, was more intolerable to her than even that despair. She could not bear it. She hurried away, not capable of a word, panting for breath, choked by her heart, which beat in her throat, in

her very ears — and by the anguish of helplessness and suspense, which was more than she could bear.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

JOHN ERSKINE had received Edith's letter that morning in his prison. His spirits were at a very low ebb when it was put into his hand. Four days' confinement had taken the courage out of him more effectually than any other discipline could have done; and though the prospect of his examination had brought in a counterbalancing excitement, he was by no means so sure that everything would come right as he had been at first. Having once gone wrong, why should it come right? If the public and the sheriff (or whatever the man was) could entertain such an idea for four days, why not for four years or a lifetime? When Edith's letter was put into his hand he was but beginning to awake, to brace himself up for an encounter with the hostile world. He had begun to say to himself that he must get his wits about him, and not permit himself to be sacrificed without an effort. And then, in a moment, up his heart went like a shuttlecock. *She* had no doubt about him, thank heaven! Her "dear Mr. Erskine," repeated when it was not exactly necessary, and which she had drawn her pen through, but so lightly that the cancelling of the words only made them emphatic, seemed to John to say everything that words could say. It said more, in fact, than Edith would ever have said had he not been in trouble and in prison; and then that outbreak about feminine impotence at the end! This was to John the sweetest pleasantry, the most delightful jest. He did not think of her indignation or bitterness as real. The idea that Lady Lindores and she would have been his bail if they could, amused him so that he almost shed tears over it; as well as the complaint that they could do nothing. Do nothing! who could do so much? If all went well, John said to himself, with a leap of his heart — if all went well! It was under the elation of this stimulant that he got ready to proceed to Dunearn; and though to drive there in the dingy fly with a guardian of the law beside him was not cheerful, his heart swelled high with the thought that other hearts were beating with anxiety for him. He thought more of that than of his defence; for to tell the truth, he had not the least idea how to manage his defence. Mr. Monypenny had visited him again, and made him feel that truth was the last



thing that was likely to serve him, and that by far his wisest plan would be to tell a lie and own himself guilty, and invent a new set of circumstances altogether. But he did not feel his imagination equal to this. He would have to hold by his original story, keep to the facts, and nothing more. But surely some happy fortune would befriend him. He was more excited, but perhaps less hopeful, when Miss Barbara met him at the door of the town-house. Her words did not give him the encouragement she intended. Her luncheon and her house and her confidence were for the moment intolerable to John, as are so often the well-meant consolations of his elders to a young man driven half frantic by warmer hopes and fears. He came to himself altogether when he stepped within the place in which he felt that his fate was to be decided. Though it was contrary to custom, several of his friends, gentlemen of the county, had been admitted by favor of the sheriff to be present at the examination, foremost among them old Sir James, who towered over the rest with his fine white head and erect, soldierly bearing. Lord Lindores was admitted under protest when the proceedings were beginning; and after him, white with dust, and haggard with excitement, Rintoul, who kept behind backs, standing — so that his extremely agitated countenance, his lips, with a slight nervous quiver, as though he were about to speak, and eyes drawn together with a hundred anxious lines about them, were clearly apparent. John remarked this face over all the others with the utmost surprise. Rintoul had never been very cordial with him. What could be the reason for this extraordinary manifestation of interest now? John, from his too prominent place as the accused, had this agitated face confronting him, opposed to him as it seemed, half defying him, half appealing to him. Only the officials concerned — the sheriff, who was a little slow and formal, making unnecessary delays in the proceedings, and the other functionaries — could see as John could the face and marked position of Rintoul; and none of these personages took any notice. John only, felt his eyes drawn to it instinctively. If all this passionate sympathy was for him, how could he ever repay Rintoul for friendship so unexpected? No doubt this was *her* doing too.

Just as the witnesses were about to be called who had been summoned — and of whom, though John was not aware of it, Rintoul, who had (as was supposed) helped

to find the body, was one — an extraordinary interruption occurred. Mr. Monypenny, who to John's surprise had not approached him or shown himself in his vicinity, suddenly rose, and addressing the sheriff, claimed an immediate stoppage of the proceedings, so far as Mr. Erskine was concerned. He was a very clear-headed and sensible man; but he was a country "man of business" — a Scotch solicitor — and he had his own formal way of making a statement. It was so formal, and had so many phrases in it only half comprehensible to unaccustomed ears, that it was some time before the little group of friends were fully aware what the interruption meant.

Mr. Monypenny announced, however, to the perfect understanding of the authorities present, that the person who had really encountered the unfortunate Mr. Torrance last, and been concerned in the scuffle which no doubt unfortunately was the cause of the accident, had come to his house on the previous night and given himself up. The man's statement was perfectly clear and satisfactory, and would be supported by all the circumstantial evidence. He had kept back nothing, but displayed the most honorable anxiety to clear the gentleman who had been so unjustly accused and put to so much personal inconvenience.

"Is the man in court?" the sheriff asked.

"The man is here," said Mr. Monypenny. The good man was conscious of the great effect he was producing. He looked round upon the group of gentlemen with thorough enjoyment of the situation; but he, too, was startled by the extraordinary aspect of Lord Rintoul. The young man was livid; great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead; the lines about his eyes were drawn tight, and the eyes themselves, two unquiet watchers, full of horror and astonishment, looked out wildly, watching everything that was done. His lips had dropped apart; he stood like a man who did not know what the next word might bring upon him.

"This is the man," Mr. Monypenny said. Rintoul made a sudden step forward, striking his foot violently against the bench in front of him. The sheriff looked up angrily at the noise. There is something in a great mental struggle of any kind which moves the atmosphere around it. The sheriff looked up and saw three men standing at unequal distances before him: Mr. Monypenny in front of his chair with somebody tranquil and in-

significant beside him, and in the distance a face full of extraordinary emotion. "Will you have the goodness to step forward?" the sheriff said: and then stopping himself peevishly, "This is all out of order. Produce the man."

Rolls had risen quietly by Mr. Monypenny's side. He was not like a brawler, much less an assassin. He was somewhat pale, but in his professional black coat and white tie, who could have looked more respectable? He had "cleaned himself," as he said, with great care that morning. Haggard and unshaven as he had been on the previous night after his wanderings, he would scarcely have made so great a sensation as he did now trim as a new pin, carefully shaved, carefully brushed. There was a half shout, half cry, from the little band of spectators, now thoroughly demoralized and incapable of keeping order. "Rolls, old Rolls!" John Erskine cried with consternation. Could this be the explanation of it? As for Rolls himself, the outcry acted upon him in the most remarkable way. He grew red and lost his temper. "It's just me, gentlemen," he said; "and can an accident not happen to a man in a humble condition of life as well as to one of you?" He was silenced at once, and the stir of amazement repressed; but nothing could prevent the rustle and whisper among the gentlemen, which would have become tumultuous had their presence there been more than tolerated. They all knew Rolls, and to connect him with such an event was impossible. The tragedy seemed over, and at the utmost a tragic-comedy, a solemn farce, had taken its place.

Rolls's statement, however, was serious enough. It was to the effect that he had met his master coming down from Tinto in the condition of which so much had been made, when he himself was going up to make a request to Mr. Torrance about a lease—that he met Torrance close to the Scaur "coming thundering down the brae" in a state of excitement and temper such as it was well enough known Tinto was subject to. Rolls acknowledged that in such circumstances he ought not to have stopped him and introduced his suit—but this was merely an error of judgment. Tinto, he said, received his request very ill, and called his nephew—for whom he was going to plead—a ne'er-do-weel—which was not the case, let him say it that would. And here again Rolls was wrong, he allowed—it was another error of judgment—but he was not going to have his own flesh and

blood abused. He stood up for it to Tinto's face that Willie Rolls was as respectable a lad as ever ploughed land. It was well known what Tinto was, a man that had no thought but a word and a blow. He rode at Rolls furiously. "I took hold of the beast's bridle to push her back,—what could I do? She would have had her hoofs on me in a moment." Then he saw with horror the rear, the bound back, the false step; and then horse and man went thundering over the Scaur. Rolls declared that he lost no time in calling for help—in trying all he could to save the victim. Lord Rintoul would bear him witness, for his lordship met him in the wood, routing like a wild beast. Nothing could be more consistent, more simple, than the whole story—it bore the stamp of truth on every line—or such at least was the conclusion of the sheriff, and the procurator, and the crier, and the town officer, and every official about the town-house of Dunearn.

The formidable examination which had excited so much interest terminated by the return of John's fly to Dunnottar, with the butler in it, very grave and impressive in the solemn circumstances. Rolls himself did not choose to consider his position lightly. He acknowledged with great respect the salutations of the gentlemen, who could not be prevented from crowding to the door of the fly after him. Sir James, who was the first, thrust something secretly into Rolls's hand. "They'll not treat you so well as they treated your master. You must fee them—fee them, Rolls," said the old general. "It'll be better than I deserve, Sir James," Rolls said. "Hoot! nothing will happen to you, man!" said Sir James. "He was well inspired to make a clean breast of it," Mr. Monypenny said. "The truth before all—it's the best policy." "You're very kind to say sae, sir," said Rolls, solemnly. As he spoke he met the eye of Lord Rintoul, who stood behind fixing his regard upon the face of John's substitute. It was a trouble to Rolls to understand what the young lord could mean, "glowering" as he did, but saying nothing. Was he better aware of the facts of the case than any one suspected? might he come in with his story and shatter that of Rolls? This gave the old servant a little anxiety as he sat back solemnly in his corner, and was driven away.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the visitors who thronged into Miss Barbara Erskine's house that day. She



had three more leaves put into her dining-table, and Janet added dish to dish with the wildest prodigality. Sir James Montgomery was one of those who "conveyed" John to his old relative's house. He walked upon one side of the hero, and Lord Lindores upon the other. "I will not conceal my fault from you, Miss Barbara," he said. "I thought when I heard his story first it was just the greatest nonsense. But it worked upon me—it worked upon me; and then Lady Montgomery, she would not hear a word."

"Women understand the truth when they hear it; it's none so often," Miss Barbara said, flushed with triumph and happiness. Rintoul had come in with the rest—or rather after the rest. He and John were the two who were somewhat out of all this tumult and rejoicing. They had not spoken to each other, keeping apart with an instinctive repugnance, silent in the midst of the rejoicing. But the rest of the company made up the deficiency. Such a luncheon! a duke's son from England, an earl, all the best men in the county: and Janet's dishes praised and consumed to the last morsel, and the best wine brought up from the cellar, and the house not big enough to contain the guests. Miss Barbara sat at the head of the table, with a little flush of triumph on her cheek. "It's like a marriage feast," she said to Sir James when they rose from the table.

"And I cannot see what should hinder it to be the forerunner—but the breakfast shall be at my house, Miss Barbara, since her parents have no house of their own here."

"Oh, who are you calling *her*?" said Miss Barbara, shaking her head; and as she spoke she turned towards a group in a corner—two young figures close together. Sir James's countenance grew long, but Miss Barbara's bloomed out in genial triumph. "It's not the first time," she said, "that we have had a lady o' title in Dalrulzian—and it will not be the last." The magic of rank had triumphed even over prejudice. There could be no denying that Lady Edith Erskine would be a bonnie name—and a bonnie creature too.

"I got your letter," John said. "I suppose an angel must have brought it. There is no telling how wretched I was before, or how happy after."

"No angel, but my mother's footman. I am afraid you thought it very bold, Mr. Erskine. I was afraid after, that I had said too much."

"I think so too—unless you mean it to kill me like a sweet poison; which it will do, unless there is more—"

"Mr. Erskine, you have not quite come to yourself,—all this excitement has gone to your head."

"I want more," said John, "more!" And Edith's eyes sank before his. It was not like the affectionate proposals of Millefleurs, whose voice was audible now even through those low syllables so different in their tone. And Lady Lindores at that moment took her daughter by the arm. "Edith," she said, in a tone of fright, "Edith!" Oh foolish, foolish mother! had she never thought of this till now?

The window of the dining-room looked out into the garden. Nevertheless, it was possible to find a covert where two could talk and not be seen. And while the gentlemen rose from the table, and Lady Lindores came to her daughter's rescue, a very different group, two very agitated, pale young people, stood together there, without a single demonstration of tenderness or even friendship, looking at each other with eager eyes. Or rather the girl looked at the man, whose courage had failed him, who stood before her like a culprit, not venturing to raise his eyes to her face. "What is the meaning of it?" she cried. "Oh, what is the meaning of it?" She stamped her foot upon the ground in her excitement and the intolerable trouble of her thoughts. "You told me—one thing; and now another has happened. What does it mean?"

"Nora," he said, clasping his hands, "don't be so hard upon me!"

"What does it mean?" she cried, her soft face growing stern, her nostrils dilating. "Either what you said is false, or this is false; and anyhow, you, you are false, Lord Rintoul! Oh, cannot you tell me what it means? Is it that you are not brave enough to stand up by yourself—to say, It was I—"

"For God's sake, Nora! I was ready, quite ready to do it, though it would have been ruin to me. I had made up my mind. But what could I do when this man stood up before me and said—He told the whole story almost exactly as—as it happened. I was stupefied; but what could I do? I declare to you, Nora, when old Monypenny got up and said 'The man is here,' I jumped up, I stood forward. And then I was confounded, I could not say a word." Here he approached a little nearer and put out his hand to take hers. "Why should I, No-

ra — now tell me why should I? when this other man says it was he. He ought to know," Rintoul added, with a groan of faint, tentative humor in his voice. He did not know how far he might venture to go.

Once more Nora stamped her foot on the ground. "Oh, I cannot away with you!" she cried. It was one of Miss Barbara's old-fashioned phrases. She was at the end of her own. She would have liked, she thought, to strike him as he stood before her deprecating, yet every moment recovering himself.

"If another man chooses to take it upon him, why should I contradict him?" Rintoul said, with good sense unanswerable. "I was stunned with astonishment; but when you reflect, how could I contradict him? If he did it for John Erskine's sake, it would have spoiled that arrangement."

"John Erskine would never make any arrangement. If he had been to blame he would have borne it. He would not have shirked or drawn back!"

"You think better of John Erskine than of me, Nora. I do not know what it is, but I have no right to interfere. I'll give the old fellow something when it's all over. It is not for me he is doing it, whatever is his reason. I should spoil it all if I said a word. Will you forgive me now?" said Rintoul, with a mixture of calm reason and anxiety. He had quite recovered himself. And Nora, still in a flutter of slowly dissipating excitement, could find no argument against that sturdy good sense of his. For he was strong in sense, however worldly it might be.

"I cannot understand it at all. Do you know who the man was?" she said.

And then he laughed — actually laughed — though he was on the borders of desperation an hour ago. The echo of it seemed to run round the garden among the listening trees and horrified Nora. But at his next word she threw up her hands in consternation, with a cry of bewilderment, confusion, almost amusement too, though she would have thought that impossible, — "Oid Rolls!"

From The Athenæum.

MRS. CARLYLE.\*

MR. FROUDE must not be blamed for publishing the collection of Mrs. Carlyle's

letters, which, as he tells us, her husband, having "annotated" them in 1868 and 1869, entrusted to him in 1871. "Mr. Carlyle," he says in his preface, "did not order the publication of these letters, though he anxiously desired it;" and he adds: —

Mr. Carlyle asked me, a few months before his end, what I meant to do. I told him that, when the "Reminiscences" had been published, I had decided that the Letters might and should be published also.

The inference to be drawn from these words is that Carlyle assented in 1880 to the carrying out of a project he had formed in 1871, and if Mr. Froude considers that in printing the letters he is honestly fulfilling the duties imposed upon him, the heaviest charge that can be brought against him as regards those letters is that he has erred through excess of zeal. We do not think he has thus erred.

In these volumes, however, there are other letters and papers which, on Mr. Froude's own showing, were not, as the title-page professes, "prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle," and concerning the most important of his interpolations he admits that he has violated his trust. In his introduction to the passages quoted from Mrs. Carlyle's journal for 1855 and 1856, he says, "A part only of the following extracts was selected by Mr. Carlyle." By what right does he print, for the public to laugh at and misinterpret if it chooses, the private notes which Mrs. Carlyle made for her own morbid satisfaction at a time of great mental depression, and which her husband, when he read them after her death, discreetly wished to suppress, though he was not discreet enough to destroy them, or, at any rate, to prevent them from falling into the hands of a literary executor so rash as Mr. Froude has proved himself to be?

This is a far greater offence than Mr. Froude committed in publishing the "Reminiscences" within a few weeks of Carlyle's burial, and without such comments and explanations as, if it was allowable for them to be published at all, were required to make their real value apparent to the public. The "Reminiscences" were, at any rate, Carlyle's own property, and evidences of his own infirmities which he was not unwilling for the world to look at after his death. But his dead wife's

\* *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle.*

Prepared for Publication by Thomas Carlyle, Edited by James Anthony Froude. 3 vols. Longmans & Co.

diary was a sacred document of which even he had no right to make public any portions that she would herself have wished to conceal. If, as Mr. Froude says, the passages in the diary which Carlyle thought of publishing were sufficient merely to leave a painful impression, without explaining the origin of his wife's discomfort," Mr. Froude would have had good excuse for leaving these out of his volumes. In printing along with them all the other passages that he thought "necessary in the way of elucidation," he has been guilty of conduct which cannot be excused on the score of misguided zeal.

As Mr. Froude must have foreseen, whether he desired it or not, his rude exposure of Mrs. Carlyle's secret lamentations during what was apparently the unhappiest year of her life has already caused great injustice to be done to her as well as to her husband. All that is really shown by her journal and by the letters written by her at the same time is that in 1855 a growing discontent at her husband's enjoyment of the society of Lady Ashburton and her fashionable friends, from which she herself obtained no pleasure, became so great that life itself seemed almost intolerable to her. "Much movement under the free sky," she wrote in one page,

is needful for me to keep my heart from throbbing up into my head, and maddening it. They must be comfortable people who have leisure to think about going to heaven! My most constant and pressing anxiety is to keep out of Bedlam! that's all.

There are other pathetic passages, revealing grievous unhappiness, and bespeaking for the writer nothing but sympathy in her undeserved sufferings. The letters that she wrote to her intimate friends tell the same tale; and those she sent to her husband at this time, especially when he was visiting at Lord Ashburton's house, are by their coldness and shortness in notable contrast to the tender letters that she addressed to him afterwards, as well as during the previous five-and-twenty years of their married life. But in the fact that the coldness came to an end, and that the love-letter style was resumed, we have the best proof that Mrs. Carlyle had far less real cause for jealousy and offence than Mr. Froude is cruel enough to hint, and, intentionally or not, encourages his readers to suppose. That Carlyle treated his wife with less consideration than she deserved is well known and am-

ply proved by many of the letters that Mr. Froude was quite justified in publishing. That, however, only makes the more inexcusable his action in printing the private reflections of an heroic woman who, always careful to hide her sorrows from the public, even if she was fond of confiding some of them to her dearest friends, evidently desired, when the worst of her trouble was over, to hide the recollection of it even from herself.

Biographies, of course, are useless and misleading unless they truthfully set forth the faults as well as the merits of the persons of whom they treat, and Mr. Froude evidently regards it as his chief duty in publishing the Carlyle documents to show that Carlyle's remorse, after his wife's death, at his not having made her life in all respects as happy as it might have been, was well founded. But he has erred in these volumes, even more than he did in his "History of the First Forty Years of Carlyle's Life," by exaggerating both Carlyle's faults and his wife's sufferings. A far truer view of both would have been presented had he, without suppressing anything that it was right to print, judiciously omitted so much as was of a strictly private nature, and allowed the letters to speak for themselves.

These volumes as they stand, however, are extremely valuable. If a few of the three hundred and thirty-three letters contained in them, and all Mr. Froude's comments, might have been kept back with advantage, they form altogether a pathetic and instructive record of the private history of a woman who will henceforth be remembered and honored, not only or chiefly because she was the wife of a man of genius, but on account of her own talents and virtues. They take up the story of Mrs. Carlyle's life from the point to which it was brought down in the "History of the First Forty Years," when, at the age of thirty-three, she settled down with her husband in their Chelsea house; and they continue it step by step, with the addition of many autobiographical notes by her husband, until her last letter was written in April, 1866, a few hours before her sudden death.

Whatever troubles afterwards befell her, neither her husband's poverty nor his rough temper, both of which were well known to her before their marriage, and which had led to considerable discomfort at Craigenputtock and elsewhere, appears to have been a serious affliction during Mrs. Carlyle's early residence in Chelsea. In one of the many charming

letters written to her mother-in-law she said:—

I have just had a call from an old rejected lover, who has been in India these ten years: though he has come home with more thousands of pounds than we are ever likely to have hundreds, or even scores, the sight of him did not make me doubt the wisdom of my preference. Indeed, I continue quite content with my bargain; I could wish him a little *less yellow*, and a little more *peaceable*; but that is all.

Friends were not wanting, Mill, Sterling, and others being more congenial company than Mrs. Carlyle's nearest neighbors, Leigh Hunt and his wife; and, having a talent for housekeeping, she evidently found amusement in the hard work that her straitened means brought upon her. Her husband having gone on a visit to his kindred in October, 1835, while her own mother was in London with her, she thus made light of her difficulties in assisting the maid-of-all-work, whose cockney rendering of her name, Sarah Heathery, caused her to be nicknamed Sereetha:

I have not been a day in bed since you went—have indeed been almost free of headache, and all other aches; and everybody says Mrs. Carlyle begins to look better—and what everybody says must be true. With this improved health everything becomes tolerable, even to the peesweep Sereetha (for we are still without other help). Now that I do not see you driven desperate with the chaos, I can take a quiet view of it, and even reduce it to some degree of order. Mother and I have fallen naturally into a fair division of labor, and we keep a very tidy house. Sereetha has attained the unhopd-for perfection of getting up at half after six of her own accord, lighting the parlor fire, and actually placing the breakfast things (*nihil desperandum me duce!*). I get up at half after seven, and prepare the coffee and bacon-ham (which is the life of me, making me always hungrier the more I eat of it). Mother, in the interim, makes her bed, and sorts her room. After breakfast, mother descends to the inferno, where she jingles and scours, and from time to time scolds Sereetha till all is right and tight there. I, above stairs, sweep the parlor, blacken the grate—make the room look cleaner than it has been since the days of Grace Macdonald; then mount aloft to make my own bed (for I was resolved to enjoy the privilege of having a bed of my own); then clean myself (as the servants say), and sit down to the Italian lesson. A bit of meat roasted at the oven suffices two days cold, and does not plague us with cookery. Sereetha can fetch up tea-things, and the porridge is easily made on the parlor fire; the kitchen one being allowed to go out (for economy), when the Peesweep retires to bed at eight o'clock.

It was two years later, after her husband had returned from another short visit to Scotland, that she added this postscript to one of his letters to his mother:—

You know the saying, "It is not lost which a friend gets," and in the present case it must comfort you for losing him. Moreover, you have others behind, and I have only him, only him in the whole wide world to love me and take care of me, poor little wretch that I am. Not but that numbers of people love me after their fashion far better than I deserve; but then his fashion is so different from all these, and seems alone to suit the crotchety creature that I am. Thank you then for having, in the first place, been kind enough to produce him into this world, and for having, in the second place, made him scholar enough to recognize my various excellencies; and for having, in the last place, sent him back to me again to stand by me in this cruel east wind.

Mrs. Carlyle had given up much when she agreed to throw in her lot with the crabbed writer whose genius was then recognized by few besides herself; but she did it cheerfully, and was for some time, at any rate, well satisfied, as she said, with her bargain. Whenever her husband was away from home she took advantage of his absence to have more thorough house-cleanings than were possible while he was in the way, and if some of the difficulties she had to face were more distressing to her than to many cockneys, she found in them amusing material for her letters to him. Here is a sample:—

Only fancy, while I was brightening up the outside of the platter to find in Helen's bed a new colony of bugs! I tell you of it fearlessly this time, as past victory gives me a sense of superiority over the creatures. She said to me one morning in putting down my breakfast, "My! I was just standing this morning, looking up at the corner of my bed, ye ken, and there what should I see but two bogues! I hope there's na mair." "You hope?" said I immediately kindling into a fine phrenzy; "how could you live an instant without making sure? A pretty thing it will be if you have let your bed get full of bugs again!" The shadow of an accusation of remissness was enough of course to make her quite positive. "How was she ever to have thought of bogues, formerly? What a thing to think about! But since, she has been just most particular! To be sure, these two must have come off these Mudies' shawls!" I left her protesting and "appealing to posterity," and ran off myself to see into the business. She had not so much as taken off the curtains; I tore them off distractedly, pulled in pieces all of the bed that was pullable, and saw and

killed two, and in one place which I could not get at without a bed-key, "beings" (as Mazzini would say) were clearly moving! Ah, mercy, mercy, my dismay was considerable! Still, it was not the acme of horror this time, as last time, for now I knew they could be annihilated root and branch. When I told her there were plenty, she went off to look herself, and came back and told me in a peremptory tone that "she had looked and there was not a single bogue there!" It was needless arguing with a wild animal. I had Pearson to take the bed down, and he soon gave me the pleasant assurance that "they were pretty strong!" Neither did he consider them a recent importation.

The thrifty couple had been living nine years in Chelsea before they could afford to buy a sofa, and then it was only by unusual cleverness that Mrs. Carlyle managed to achieve the luxury:—

Just when I seemed to be got pretty well through my sewing, I have rushed wildly into a new mess of it. I have realized an ideal, have actually acquired a small sofa, which needs to be covered, of course. I think I see your questioning look at this piece of news: "A sofa? Just now, above all, when there had been so much else done and to pay for! This little woman is falling away from her hitherto thrifty character, and become downright extravagant." Never fear! this little woman knows what she is about; the sofa costs you simply nothing at all! Neither have I sillily paid four or five pounds away for it out of my own private purse. It is a sofa which I have known about for the last year and a half. The man who had it asked 4*l.* 10*s.* for it; was willing to sell it without mattress or cushions for 2*l.* 10*s.* I had a spare mattress which I could make to fit it, and also pillows lying by of no use. But still, 2*l.* 10*s.* was more than I cared to lay out of my own money on the article, so I did a stroke of trade with him. The old green curtains of downstairs were become filthy; and, what was better, superfluous. No use could be made of them, unless first dyed at the rate of 7*d.* per yard; it was good to be rid of them, that they might not fill the house with moths, as those sort of woollen things lying by always do; so I sold them to the broker for thirty shillings; I do honestly think more than their value; but I higgled a full hour with him, and the sofa had lain on his hands. So you perceive there remained only one pound to pay; and that I paid with Kitty Kirkpatrick's sovereign, which I had laid aside not to be appropriated to my own absolutely individual use. So there is a sofa created in a manner by the mere wish to have it.

It is open to prejudiced readers, and even to incompetent editors, to infer from such lively descriptions of domestic troubles as the above that Mrs. Carlyle found

her domestic troubles great and unbearable,—that she was oppressed by her husband's meanness and selfishness, and was a melancholy martyr to his moral and physical infirmities. It would be about as fair to conclude from such passages as the following, which refers to the completion of the rewriting of part of the "French Revolution," that she was a drunkard and a Roman Catholic:—

One chapter more brings him to the end of his second "first volume," and then we shall sing a *Te Deum* and get drunk—for which, by the way, we have unusual facilities at present, a friend (Mr. Wilson) having yesterday sent us a present of a hamper (some six or seven pounds' worth) of the finest old Madeira wine. These Wilsons are about the best people we know here; the lady, verging on old-maidenism, is distinctly the cleverest woman I know.

It is quite true that Mrs. Carlyle needed more tender sympathy and thoughtful kindness than it was in her husband's nature to give her; but that is the way with a good many husbands and wives who jog through the world very comfortably, and Mrs. Carlyle at any rate understood her husband's temperament and made allowances for it. Here is a characteristic extract from a letter written to a friend who made a special effort to console her soon after the death of her mother:—

Only think of my husband, too, having given me a little present! he who never attends to such nonsense as birthdays, and who dislikes nothing in the world so much as going into a shop to buy anything, even his own trowsers and coats; so that, to the consternation of cockney tailors, I am obliged to go about them. Well, he actually risked himself in a jeweller's shop, and bought me a very nice smelling-bottle! I cannot tell you how *wae* his little gift made me, as well as glad; it was the first thing of the kind he ever gave to me in his life. In great matters he is always kind and considerate; but these little attentions, which we women attach so much importance to, he was never in the habit of rendering to any one; his up-bringing, and the severe turn of mind he has from nature, had alike indisposed him towards them. And now the desire to replace to me the irreplaceable, makes him as good in little things as he used to be in great.

As Mr. Froude records in a foot-note, "Carlyle never forgot her birthday afterwards." Once in 1846, she thought he had forgotten her, and she told the story of her mistake and its correction thus:—

Oh! my dear husband, fortune has played me such a cruel trick this day! and I do not even feel any resentment against fortune, for



the suffocating misery of the last two hours. I know always, when I seem to you most exacting, that whatever happens to me is nothing like so bad as I deserve. But you shall hear how it was. Not a line from you on my birthday, the postmistress averred! I did not burst out crying, did not faint—did not do anything absurd, so far as I know; but I walked back again, without speaking a word; and with such a tumult of wretchedness in my heart as you, who know me, can conceive. And then I shut myself in my own room to fancy everything that was most tormenting. Were you, finally, so out of patience with me that you had resolved to write to me no more at all? Had you gone to Addiscombe, and found no leisure where to remember my existence? Were you taken ill, so ill that you could not write? That last idea made me mad to get off to the railway, and back to London. Oh, mercy! what a two hours I had of it! And just when I was at my wits' end, I heard Julia crying out through the house: "Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle! Are you there? Here is a letter for you." And so there was after all! The postmistress had overlooked it, and had given it to Robert, when he went afterwards, not knowing that we had been. I wonder what love-letter was ever received with such thankfulness! Oh, my dear! I am not fit for living in the world with this organization. I am as much broken to pieces by that little accident as if I had come through an attack of cholera or typhus fever. I cannot even steady my hand to write decently. But I felt an irresistible need of thanking you, by return of post. Yes, I have kissed the dear little card-case; and now I will lie down awhile, and try to get some sleep. At least, to quiet myself, I will try to believe—oh, why cannot I believe it once for all—that, with all my faults and follies, I am "dearer to you than any earthly creature."

Such letters are almost too sacred to be printed, but as Mr. Froude ignores their significance in his efforts to misrepresent the relations between Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, it is right that they should be taken at their true value, as indications of the only too sympathetic nature of a wife who wrote and thought love-letters to the last. Here is one of the very latest, written nineteen days before her death, while her husband was delivering his rectorial address in Edinburgh:—

Dearest,—By the time you get this you will be out of your trouble, better or worse, but out of it, please God. And if ever you let yourself be led or driven into such a horrid thing again, I will never forgive you—never! What I have been suffering, vicariously, of late days is not to be told. If you had been to be hanged I don't see that I could have taken it more to heart. This morning, after about two hours of off and on sleep, I awoke, long before daylight, to sleep no more. While drinking a glass of wine and eating a biscuit at five in the morn-

ing, it came into my mind, "What is *he* doing, I wonder, at this moment?" and then, instead of picturing you sitting smoking up the stranger chimney, or anything else that was likely to be, I found myself always dropping off into details of a regular execution! Now they will be telling him it is time! now they will be pinioning his arms and saying last words! Oh, mercy! was I dreaming or waking? was I mad or sane? Upon my word, I hardly know now. Only that I have been having next to no sleep all the week, and that at the best of times I have a too "fertile imagination," like "oor David." When the thing is over I shall be content, however it have gone as to making a good "appearance" or a bad one. That you have made your "address," and are alive, that is what I long to hear, and, please God! shall hear in a few hours. My "imagination" has gone the length of representing you getting up to speak before an awful crowd of people, and, what with fuss, and "bad air," and confusion, dropping down dead. Why on earth did you ever get into this galley?

We have no space left in which to do justice to the humor and the pungent wit, the delicious *naïveté*, and the power of expressing spontaneous thoughts, grave and gay, in a choice language, which make at least a hundred of the letters contained in these volumes worth preserving as choice specimens of letter-writing, apart altogether from their personal interest as illustrations of Mrs. Carlyle's character and of her relations with her husband and her friends. Her records of her visits, after many years of absence, to her birthplace are intensely pathetic; and other letters, such as one describing her interview with Father Matthew, are no less interesting for other qualities. Here is part of an account of an evening spent in seeing the private theatricals got up by Dickens and Forster in 1845:—

Upon my honor, I do not feel as if I had penny-a-liner genius enough, this cold morning, to make much entertainment out of that. Enough to clasp one's hands, and exclaim, like Helen before the Virgin and Child, "Oh, how expensive!" But "how did the creatures get through it?" Too well; and not well enough! The public theatre, scenes painted by Stansfield, costumes "rather exquisite," together with the certain amount of proficiency in the amateurs, overlaid all idea of private theatricals; and, considering it as public theatricals, the acting was "most insipid," not one performer among them that could be called good, and none that could be called absolutely bad. Douglas Jerrold seemed to me the best, the oddity of his appearance greatly helping him; he played Stephen the Cull. Forster as Kiteley and Dickens as Capt. Bobadil were much on a par; but Forster preserved his identity, even through his loftiest flights of Macreadyism;

while poor little Dickens, all painted in black and red, and affecting the voice of a man of six feet, would have been unrecognizable for the mother that bore him! On the whole, to get up the smallest interest in the thing, one needed to be always reminding oneself: "all these actors were once men!" and will be men again to-morrow morning. The greatest wonder for me was how they had contrived to get together some six or seven hundred ladies and gentlemen (judging from the clothes) at this season of the year; and all utterly unknown to me, except some half-dozen. So long as I kept my seat in the dress circle I recognized only Mrs. Macready (in one of the four private boxes), and in my nearer neighborhood Sir Alexander and Lady Gordon. But in the interval betwixt the play and the farce I took a notion to make my way to Mrs. Macready. John, of course, declared the thing "clearly impossible, no use trying it;" but a servant of the theatre, overhearing our debate, politely offered to escort me where I wished; and then John, having no longer any difficulties to surmount, followed, to have his share in what advantages might accrue from the change. Passing through a long dim passage, I came on a tall man leant to the wall, with his head touching the ceiling like a caryatid, to all appearance asleep, or resolutely trying it under most unfavorable circumstances. "Alfred Tennyson!" I exclaimed in joyful surprise. "Well!" said he, taking the hand I held out to him, and forgetting to let it go again. "I did not know you were in town," said I. "I should like to know who you are," said he; "I know that I know you, but I cannot tell your name." And I had actually to name myself to him. Then he woke up in good earnest, and said he had been meaning to come to Chelsea. "But Carlyle is in Scotland," I told him with due humility. "So I heard from Spedding already, but I asked Spedding, would he go with me to see Mrs. Carlyle? and he said he would." I told him if he really meant to come, he had better not wait for backing, under the present circumstances; and then pursued my way to the Macreadys' box; where I was received by William (whom I had not divined) with a "Gracious heavens!" and spontaneous dramatic start, which made me all but answer, "Gracious heavens!" and start dramatically in my turn. And then I was kissed all round by his women; and poor Nell Gwyn, Mrs. M—— G——, seemed almost pushed by the general enthusiasm on the distracted idea of kissing me also! They would not let me return to my stupid place, but put in a third chair for me in front of their box; "and the latter end of that woman was better than the beginning," Macready was in perfect ecstasies over the "Life of Schiller," spoke of it with tears in his eyes. As "a sign of the times," I may mention that in the box opposite sat the Duke of Devonshire, with Payne Collier! Next to us were D'Orsay and "Milady"! Between eleven and twelve it was all over — and the practical result? Eight-and-sixpence

for a fly, and a headache for twenty-four hours! I went to bed as wearied as a little woman could be, and dreamt that I was plunging through a quagmire seeking some herbs which were to save the life of Mrs. Maurice; and that Maurice was waiting at home for them in an agony of impatience, while I could not get out of the mud-water!

There is a painful sadness in many of the letters, especially those in the third volume. They show that the increased income that came from Carlyle's later popularity brought no relief to him, tortured by the labor of book-writing, or to his wife, as great though not so noisy a sufferer as he was from weak health and sleeplessness. When Mrs. Carlyle's jealousy of Lady Ashburton had spent itself, the strain of her husband's work on Frederick the Great, the writing of which both he and she regarded as a solemn duty, to which all personal comfort must be sacrificed, was nearly as irksome. Perhaps Carlyle, having married his charming wife, ought to have abandoned the calling of author, philosopher, and prophet, to which he had pledged himself, and to have made no effort to give play — which, as it turned out, was anything but play — to his genius. But his wife married him for his genius, and there is nothing to show that he would have been a better husband or made his wife happier had he abandoned his calling.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE WIZARD'S SON.

#### CHAPTER X.

KINLOCH-HOURAN CASTLE stands out of the very waters of Loch Houran, with its ruined gables and towers clothed with ivy. From the water it looked like nothing but a roofless and deserted ruin. One tower in the centre stood up above the jagged lines of the walls, with something that looked like a ruined balcony or terrace commanding the landscape. The outline was indistinct, for the trees that had got footing in the ruined chambers below grew high and wild, veiling the means by which it was sustained at that altitude: but the little platform itself was very visible, surrounding the solid block of the tower, which showed no window or opening, but looked as if it might yet outlive centuries. As the boat approached, Walter saw the rowers whisper, and give significant looks at Symington, who sat

respectfully on one of the cross seats, not to put himself in the way of his master, who occupied the other alone. Hoarse whispers breathed about the other end of the boat, and Symington was propped in the shoulders with an occasional oar. "Will ye no' be letting him see't?" the rowers said. Walter's faculties were eagerly acute in the strangeness of everything around him; the sense that he was going to an impossible house — to a ruin — on an impossible errand seemed to keep him on the alert in every particular of his being. He could see through the dusk, he could hear through the whistle of the wind and the lashing of the water upon the boat's side, which was like the roar of a mimic storm; and he was not even insensible to the comic element in Symington's face, who waved away the oar with which he was poked, and replied with words and frowns and looks full of such superiority of information, that a burst of sudden nervous laughter at the sight relieved Walter's excitement. He felt that a thrill of disapproval at this went through the boat, and the men in the bow shook their bonnets as they rowed.

"It's nothing to laugh at, my lord," said old Symington, "though I'm not one — and I make no question but your lordship is not one — to lose my presence o' mind. Yon's the phenomenon that they wanted me to call your lordship's attention to," he added, jerking his arm, but without turning his head, in the direction of the tower.

"The light?" Walter said. He had been about to ask what the meaning of it might be. It had not been visible at all when they started, but for the last moment or two had been growing steadily. The daylight was waning every minute, and no doubt (he thought) it was this that made the light more evident. It shone from the balcony or high roof-terrace which surrounded the old tower. It was difficult to distinguish what it was, or identify any lamp or beacon as the origin of it. It seemed to come from the terrace generally, a soft, extended light, with nothing fiery in it, no appearance of any blaze or burning, but a motionless, clear shining, which threw a strange glimmer upwards upon the solid mass of the tower, and downwards upon the foliage, which was black and glistening, and upon the surface of the water. "Yon's the phenomenon," said Symington, pointing with a jerk of his elbow. The light brought out the whole mass of rugged masonry and trees from the rest of the landscape,

and softly defined it against the darker background.

"How is it done?" said the young man simply. He perceived the moment after that his tone was like that of the bagman on the coach, and shivered at the thought. So soft and steady was the light that it had not seemed to him extraordinary at all.

"What do you mean by a phenomenon?" he asked hastily. He remembered suddenly that the young lady on the coach had spoken of this light, and taken it, so to speak, under her protection.

"If your lordship has ainy desire to inquire into my opinion," said old Symington, "though I doubt that's little likely, I would say it was just intended to work on the imagination. Now and then, indeed, it's useful in the way of a sign — like a person waving to you to come and speak; but to work on the imagination, that's what I would say."

Walter looked up at the light which threw a faint glimmer across the dark water, showing the blackness of the roughened ripple, over which they were making their way, and bringing into curious prominence the dark mass of the building rising out of it. It was not like the moon, it was more distinct than starlight, it was paler than a torch: nor was there any apparent central point from which it came. There was no electric light in those days, nor was Loch Houran a probable spot for its introduction: but the clear, colorless light was of that description. It filled the visitor with a vague curiosity, but nothing more.

"To work on — whose imagination? and with what object?" he said.

But as he asked the question the boat shot forward into the narrow part of the loch, and rounded the corner of the ruin. Anything more hopeless as a place to which living passengers, with the usual incumbrances of luggage, were going, could not well be conceived; but after a few minutes' rowing, the boat ran in to some rude steps on the other side of the castle, where there were traces of a path leading up across the rough grass to a partially visible door. All was so dark by this time that it was with difficulty that Walter found the landing; when he had got ashore, and his portmanteau had been put out on the bank, the men in the boat pushed off with an energy and readiness which proved their satisfaction in getting clear of the castle and its traditions. To find himself left there, with an apparently ruined house behind him, his property at

his feet, his old servant by his side, night closing in around, and the dark, glistening water lapping up on the stones at his feet, was about as forlorn a situation as could be imagined.

"Are we to pass the night here?" he said, in a voice which could not help being somewhat querulous.

The sound of a door opening behind interrupted his words, and turning round he saw an old man standing in the doorway, with a small lamp in his hand. He held it up high over his head to see who the new-comers were; and Walter, looking round, saw a bowed and aged figure—a pale old face, which might have been made out of ivory, so bloodless was it, the forehead polished and shining, some grey locks escaping at the side of a black skull-cap, and eyes looking out keenly into the darkness.

"It is just his lordship, Macalister," said old Symington.

The young man, who was so strange to it all, stood with a sort of helplessness between the two old men who were familiar with each other and the place and all its customs.

"Come away, then, come away," cried the guardian of the house, with a shrill voice that penetrated the stillness sharply. "What are ye biding there for in the dark?"

"And who's to carry up my lord's portmanteau?" said Symington.

"His portmanteau!" cried the other, with a sort of eldritch laugh. "Has he come to bide?"

This colloquy held over him exasperated Walter, and he seized the portmanteau hastily, forgetting his dignity.

"Lend a hand, Symington, and let us have no more talk," he said.

There is a moment when the most forlorn sensations and the most dismal circumstances become either ludicrous or irritating. The young man shook off his sense of oppression and repugnance as he hastened up the slope to the door, while the lantern, flashing fitfully about, showed now the broken path, now the rough red masonry of the ruin, which was scarcely less unlike a ruin on this side than on the other. The door gave admittance into a narrow passage only, out of which a spiral staircase ascended close to the entrance, the passage itself apparently leading away into the darkness to a considerable distance. At the end of it stood a woman with a lighted candle peering out at the stranger as the man had done. He seemed to realize the stories which every

one has read of a belated traveller unwillingly received into some desolate inn, which turns out to be the headquarters of a robber band, and where the intruder must be murdered ere the morning.

"This is your way, my lord," said the shrill old man, leading the way up the spiral stair. The whole scene was like a picture. The woman holding up her light at the end of the long passage, the old man with his lamp, the dark corners full of silence and mystery, the cold wind blowing as through an icy ravine. And the sensations of the young man, who had not even had those experiences of adventure which most young men have in these travelling days, whom poverty and idleness had kept at home in tame domestic comfort, were very strange and novel. He seemed to himself to be walking into a romance, not into any real place, but into some old story-book, a mystery of Udolpho, an antiquated and conventional region of gloom and artificial alarms.

"Come this way, my lord; come this way," said the old man; "the steps are a bit worn, for they're auld, auld—as auld as the house. But we hope you'll find everything as comfortable as the circumstances will permit. We have had just two three days to prepare, my mistress and me; but we've done our best as far," he added, "as the circumstances will permit. This way, this way, my lord."

At the head of the stair everything was black as night. The old man's lamp threw his own somewhat fantastic shadow upon the wall of a narrow corridor as he held it up to guide the new-comer. Close to the top of the staircase, however, there opened a door, through which a warm light was showing, and Walter, to his surprise, found himself in a comfortably furnished room with a cheerful fire, and a table covered for dinner, a welcome end to the discomfort and gloom of the arrival. The room was low, but large, and there were candles on the mantelpiece and table which made a sort of twinkling illumination in the midst of the dark panelled walls and dark furniture. The room was lined with books at one end. It was furnished with comfortable sofas and chairs of modern manufacture. There was a curious dim mirror over the mantelshelf in a heavy gilt frame of old carving, one or two dim old portraits hung opposite, the curtains were drawn, the fire was bright, the white tablecloth with an old-fashioned silver vase in the middle, and the candles burning, made a cheer

ful centre of light. At the further end was another door, open, which admitted to a bedroom, dim, but comfortable in the firelight. All this was encouraging. Walter threw himself into a chair with a sense that the situation altogether was improving. Things cannot be so very bad when there is a fire and lights, and a prospect of dinner. He began to laugh at himself, when he had taken off his coat, and felt the warmth of the glowing fire. Everything around him was adapted for comfort. There was a little want of light which left all the corners mysterious, and showed the portraits dimly, like half-seen spectators, looking down from the wall; but the comfortable was much more present than the weird and uncanny which had so much predominated on his arrival. And when a dinner which was very good and carefully cooked, and a bottle of wine, which, though he had not very much skill in that subject, Walter knew to be costly and fine, had been served with noiseless care by Symington, the young man began to recover his spirits, and to think of the tradition which required his presence here, as silly indeed, but without harm. After dinner he seated himself by the fire to think over the whole matter. It was not yet a fortnight since this momentous change had happened in his life. Before that he had been without importance, without use in the world, with little hope, with nothing he cared for sufficiently to induce him to exert himself one way or another. Now after he had passed this curious probation whatever it was, what a life opened before him! He did not even know how important it was, how much worth living. It shone before him indistinctly as a sort of vague, general realization of all dreams. Wealth—that was the least of it; power to do whatever he pleased; to affect other people's lives, to choose for himself almost whatever pleased him. He thought of Parliament, even of government, in his ignorance: he thought of travel, he thought of great houses full of gaiety and life. It was not as yet sufficiently realized to make him decide on one thing or another. He preferred it as it was, vague—an indefinite mass of good things and glories to come. Only this ordeal, or whatever it was—those few days more or less that he was bound to remain at Kinloch-houran, stood between him and his magnificent career. And after all, Kinloch-houran was nothing very terrible. It might be like the mysteries of Udolpho

outside; but all the mysteries of Udolpho turned out, he remembered, quite explainable, and not so very alarming after all; and these rooms, which bore the traces of having been lived in very lately, and which were quite adapted to be lived in, did not seem to afford much scope for the mysterious. There were certain points, indeed, in which they were defective, a want of air, something which occasionally caught at his respiration, and gave him a sort of choked and stifled sensation; but that was natural enough, so carefully closed as everything was, curtains drawn, every draught warded off. Sometimes he had an uneasy feeling as if somebody had come in behind him and was hanging about the back of his chair. On one occasion he even went so far as to ask sharply, "Is it you, Symington?" but, looking back, was ashamed of himself, for of course there was nobody there. He changed his seat, however, so as to face the door, and even went the length of opening it, and looking out to see if there was any one about. The little corridor seemed to ramble away into a darkness so great that the light of his candle did no more than touch its surface—the spiral staircase looked like a well of gloom. This made him shiver slightly, and a half wish to lock his door came over him, of which he felt ashamed as he turned back into the cheerful light.

After all, it was nothing but the sensation of loneliness which made this impression. He went back to his chair and once more resumed his thoughts—or rather was it not his thoughts—nay, his fancies—that resumed him, and fluttered about and around, presenting to him a hundred swiftly changing scenes? He saw visions of his old life, detached scenes which came suddenly up through the darkness and presented themselves before him—a bit of Sloebury High Street, with a group of his former acquaintances now so entirely separated from him; the little drawing-room at the cottage, with Julia Herbert singing him a song; Underwood's rooms on that particular night when he had gone in, in search of something like excitement and had found everything so dull and flat. None of these scenes had any connection with his new beginning in life. They all belonged to the past, which was so entirely past and over. But these were the scenes which came with a sort of perversity, all broken, changing like badly managed views in a magic lantern, produced before him without any will of his. There was a sort of bewildering effect in



the way in which they swept along, one effacing another, all of them so alien to the scene in which he found himself. He had to get up at last, shaking himself as free of the curious whirl of unwonted imagination as he could. No doubt his imagination was excited; but happily not, he said to himself, by anything connected with the present scene in which he found himself. Had it been roused by these strange surroundings, by the darkness and silence that were about him, by the loneliness to which he was so unused, he felt that there was no telling what he might see or think he saw; but fortunately it was not in this way that his imagination worked. His pulse was quick, however, his heart beating, a quite involuntary excitement in all his bodily faculties. He got up hastily and went to the bookshelves, where he found, to his surprise, a large collection of novels and light literature. It seemed to Walter that his predecessor, whom he had never seen — the former Lord Erradeen, who inhabited these rooms not very long ago — had been probably, like himself, anxious to quench the rising of his fancy in the less exciting course of a fictitious drama, the conventional excitements of a story. He looked over the shelves with a curious sympathy for this unknown person, whom indeed he had never thought much upon before. Did that unknown know who was to succeed him? Did he ever speculate upon Walter as Walter was now doing upon him? He turned over the books with a strange sense of examining the secrets of his predecessor's mind. They were almost all books of adventure and excitement. He took down, after a moment, a volume of Dumas, and returned to his easy chair by the fire, to lose himself in the breathless ride of D'Artagnan and the luckless fortunes of the three companions. It answered the purpose admirably. A sudden lull came over his restless fancy. He was in great comfort externally, warmed and fed and reposing after a somewhat weary day, and the spell of the great story-teller got hold of him. He was startled out of this equable calm when Symington came in to light the candles in his bedroom and bring hot water, and offer his services generally. Symington regarded him with an approval which he did not think it worth his while to dissemble.

"That's right, my lord, that's right," he said. "Reading's a very fine thing when you have too much to occupy your thoughts."

Walter was amused by this deliverance, and happily not impatient of it. "That is a new reason for reading," he said.

"But it is a real just one, if your lordship will permit me to say so. Keep you to your book, my lord; it's just fine for putting other things out of your head. It's Dumas's you're reading? I've tried that French fellow myself, but I cannot say that I made head or tail of him. He would have it that all that has happened in history was just at the mercy of a wheen adventurers, two or three vagrants of Frenchmen. No, no. I may believe a great deal, but I'm not likely to believe that."

"I see you are a critic, Symington; and do you read for the same reason that you have been suggesting to me? — because you have too much to occupy your thoughts?"

"Well, pairtly, my lord, and pairtly just in my idle hours to pass the time. I have made up your fire and lighted the candles, and everything is in order. Will I wait upon your lordship till you're inclined for your bed? or will I —" Symington made a significant pause, which it was not very difficult to interpret.

"You need not wait," Walter said; and then, with an instinct which he was half ashamed of, he asked hurriedly, "Whereabouts do you sleep?"

"That is just the difficulty," said old Symington. "I'm rather out of call if your lordship should want anything. The only way will just be to come down the stairs, if your lordship will take the trouble, and ring the big bell. It would waken a' the seven sleepers if it was rung at their lug; and I'm not so ill to waken when there is noise enough. But ye have everything to your hand, my lord. If you'll just give a glance into the other room, I can let ye see where everything is. There is the spirit-lamp, not to say a small kettle by the fire, and there's —"

"That will do," said Walter. "I shall not want anything more to-night."

The old servant went away with a glance round the room, in which Walter thought there was some anxiety, and stopped again at the door to say "Good-night, my lord. It's not that I am keen for my bed — if your lordship would like me to bide, or even to take a doze upon a chair —"

"Go to bed, old Sym," said the young man with a laugh. The idea of finding a protector in Symington was somewhat ludicrous. But these interruptions disturbed him once more, and brought back

his excitement: he felt a sort of pang as he heard the old servant's heavy step going down the winding stair, and echoing far away, as it seemed, into the bowels of the earth. Then that extreme and blighting silence which is like a sort of conscious death came upon the place. The thick curtains shut out every sound of wind and water outside as they shut out every glimpse of light. Walter heard his pulses in his ears, his heart thumping like the hammer of a machine. The whole universe seemed concentrated in that only living breathing thing, which was himself. He tried to resume his book, but the spell of the story was broken. He could no longer follow the fortunes of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. Walter Methven thrust himself in front of those personages, and though he was not half so amusing, claimed a superior importance by right of those pulses that clanged in his head like drums beating. He said to himself that he was very comfortable, that he had never expected to be so well off. But he could not regain his composure or sense of well-being. It was a little better when he went into his bedroom, the mere movement and passage from one room to another being of use to him. The sense of oppression and stagnation, however, soon became almost greater here than in the sitting-room. One side of the room was entirely draped in close-drawn curtains, so that it was impossible to make out even where the windows were. He drew them aside with some trouble, for the draperies were very heavy, but not to much advantage. At first it seemed to him that there were no windows at all; then he caught sight of something like a recess high in the wall; and climbing up, found the hasp of a rough shutter, which covered a small square window built into a cave of the deep masonry. That this should be the only means of lighting an almost luxurious sleeping chamber, bewildered him more and more; but it would not open, and let in no air, and the atmosphere felt more stifling than ever in this revelation of the impossibility of renewing it. Finally, he went to bed with a sort of rueful sense that there was the last citadel and refuge of a stranger beset by imaginations in so weird and mysterious a place. He did not expect to sleep, but he determined that he would not, at least, be the sport of his own fancies.

It astonished Walter beyond measure to find himself waking in broad daylight, with Symington moving softly about the room, and a long window, the existence of

which he had never suspected, facing him as he looked up from his pillows, after a comfortable night's sleep. Mingled shame and amusement made him burst into an uneasy laugh, as he realized this exceedingly easy end of his tribulations.

"Mrs. Macalister," said Symington, "would like well to know when your lordship is likely to be ready, to put down the trout at the right moment: for it's an awful pity to spoil a Loch-Houran trout."

#### CHAPTER XI.

To insist upon the difference between an impression made when we arrive, tired and excited at night, in a strange place, and that which the same scene produces in the early freshness and new life of the morning, would be to deliver ourselves over to the reign of the truism. It would, however, have been impossible to feel this with more force than Walter felt it. His sensations of alarm and excitement struck him not only as unjustifiable but ludicrous. He laughed once more when he came out of his chamber into the warm and genial room, which had seemed to him so mysterious and dark on the previous night. There were windows upon either side of the fireplace, each in a deep recess like a small room, so great was the thickness of the wall. They looked out upon the mountains, upon the narrow end of the loch, all bubbling and sparkling in the sunshine, and down upon the little grassy slope rough and uncared for, yet green, which was the only practicable entrance to the castle. The windows were not large, and the room still not very light, though the sunshine which poured in at one side made a most picturesque effect of light and shade. The portraits on the wall were better than they had seemed, and had lost the inquisitive air of dissatisfied inspection which Walter's imagination had given them. The bookshelves at the end gave relief to the room, with their cheerful gilding and the subdued tone of their bindings. Walter thought of the chamber in the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" turned towards the sunrising, the name of which was Peace. But peace was not the thing most suggested at Kinloch-houran by any of the accessories about, and a vision of the chilliness of the gray light in the afternoon, and the force of the east wind when it came, crossed his mind in true nineteenth-century criticism of the more poetical view. But in the mean time, the policy of enjoying the present was undeniable, especially when

that present took the form of a Loch-Houran trout, fresh from the water, and cooked as fish only are under such conditions. He looked back upon the agitations of the evening, and the reluctant angry sentiment with which he had come to this old house of his family with amused incredulity and shame. To think that he could be such an impressionable fool! He dismissed it all lightly from his mind as he hurried over his breakfast, with the intention of getting out at once and exploring everything about. He had even newspapers upon his table along with the fresh scones, the new-made butter, all the fresh provisions of the meal. To be sure, it was Glasgow and not London from which they came — but the world's history was no less instant in them, flashing from all parts of the world into this home of the ancient ages.

His first inspection was of the castle itself, which he undertook under the auspices of old Symington and old Macalister, both eager to explain and describe what it had been, as well as what it was. What it was did not consist of very much. "My lord's rooms," those in which he had spent the night, were the only habitable portion of the great pile. He was led through the roofless hall, with its musicians' gallery still perched high up and overshadowed with canopies of ashen boughs, vigorous though leafless; the guard-room, the supposed kitchen with its large chimney, the oblong space from east to west which was supposed to have been the chapel. All was a little incoherent in the completeness of ruin. There was little of the stimulation of family pride to be got out of those desolate places. The destruction was too complete to leave room even for the facile web of imagination. The Crusader, about whom there was a legend a little too picturesque and romantic to be true, or the lady who was only saved by his sudden appearance from unfaithfulness, were not more easy to conjure up within the inclosure of those shapeless walls than on any unremarkable spot where the story might have been told. Walter grew a little weary as Symington and the old guardian of the house argued as to which was this division of the castle, and which that. He left them discussing the question, and climbed up by a rude stair which had been half improvised from the ruined projections of the masonry, to the crumbling battlements above. From thence he looked down upon a scene which was older than the oldest ruin, yet ever fresh in perennial youth: the loch

stretched out like a great mirror under the wintry blue of the sky and the dazzling blaze of the sunshine, reflecting everything, every speck of cloud above and every feathery twig and minute island below. There was no need to make believe to simulate unfelt enthusiasm, or endeavor to connect with unreal associations this wonderful and glorious scene. Perhaps there was in his mind something more in harmony with the radiance of nature than with the broken fragments of a history which he had no skill to piece up into life again. He stood gazing upon the scene in a rapture of silent delight. The hills in their robes of velvet softness, ethereal air-garments more lovely than any tissue ever woven in mortal loom, drew aside on either hand in the blue space and dazzling atmosphere to open out this liquid vale of light, with its dark specks of islets, its feathery banks, all rustling with leafless trees. Every outline and detail within its reach was turned into a line, a touch, more sweet by the flattering glory of the still water in which everything was double. The morning freshness and sheen were still unbroken. It was like a new creation lying contemplating itself in the first ecstasy of consciousness. Walter was gazing upon this wonderful scene when the sharp voice of old Macalister made him start, and take a step aside which almost had serious consequences: for he stepped back unwarily upon the crumbling wall, and might have fallen but for the violent grip of the old man, who clutched him like a shaky Hercules, with a grasp which was vigorous yet trembling.

"Lord's sake take care," he cried. His face flushed, then paled again with genuine emotion. "Do you think we have a store of young lads like you, that you will risk your life like you? and just in the place where the lady fell. You have given me such a start I canna breathe," he cried.

To tell the truth, looking back upon it, Walter himself did not like the look of the precipice which he had escaped.

"Where the lady fell?" he asked with a little eagerness, as he came to the battlement.

"Oh ay. I seldom bother my head about what's happened, so to speak, two or three days since. It was just there she fell. She has been bedridden ever since, from a' I hear, which just shows the folly of venturing about an auld place without somebody that knows how to take care of ye. What would have come of you yoursel', that is the maister of a',

if auld Sandy Macalister had not been there?"

"Thank you, Macalister, you shall find me grateful," said Walter; "but who was this lady? two or three days ago, did you say?"

"Years — years; did I no say years? Oh ay, it may be longer, twenty or thirty. I'm meaning just naething in a life like mine. She had some silly story of being frighted with a gentleman that she thought she saw. They are keen about making up a story — women folk. She was just the sister to the man of business, ye'll have heard of her, — a pretty bit thing, if that was of any consequence; but, Lord's sake, what's that atween you and me, and you ignorant of everything?" the old man said. "Do you see the chimneys yonder, and the gable end with the crow steps, as they call it, just pushing out among the trees? That's just your ain shooting-box — they call it Auchnasheen. I'll tell you the meanings of the names another time. Out beyond yonder, the big house away at the point, it's a new place built for his diversion by one of your new men. Yon island far away that's bare and green is the Island of Rest, where all the loch was once buried: and atween us and that there's another isle with a gable end among the trees which is just the last place that's left to an auld race to plant their feet upon. It's a bonnie piece of water; you that's come from the south you'll never have seen the like. I'll tell you all the stories of the divers places, and how they're connected with the Mc'vans that are chiefs of Loch Hou-ran; for I wouldna give a button for that new-fangled title of the Lords Erradeen."

"It has lasted however for some centuries," said Walter, with a sudden sense of displeasure which he felt to be absurd enough.

"And what is that in a family?" said old Macalister. "I think nothing of it. A hundred years or two that never counts one way nor another; it's nae antiquity. If that nonsense were true about the warlock lord, he would be but twa hundred and fifty at the present speaking, or thereabouts, and a' that have ever thought they saw him represent him as a fine personable man. I have never had that pleasure myself," the old man said with his shrill laugh. "Where are you going, my young gentleman? Ye'll just go down like a stane and end in a rattle of dust and mortar, if you'll no be guided by me."

"Let you his lordship alone, Sandy,"

cried the voice of Symington, intermingled with pants and sobs as he climbed up to the parapet. "Ye must not occupy my lord's time with your old craiks. You would perhaps like, my lord, to visit Auchnasheen, where the keeper will be on the outlook: or may be it would be better to organize your day's shooting for to-morrow, when you have lookit a little about you: or ye would perhaps like to take a look at the environs, or see the factor who is very anxious as soon as your lordship has a moment —"

"Oh! and there is the minister that can tell ye a' about the antiquities, my lord: and traces out the auld outline of the castle grandly, till ye seem to see it in all its glory —"

"Or" — Symington had begun, when Walter turned at bay. He faced the old men with a half-laughing defiance. "I see plenty of boats about," he said. "I am going out to explore the loch. I want no attendance, or any help, but that you will be good enough to leave me to myself."

"We'll do that, my lord. I will just run and cry upon Duncan that is waiting about —"

The end of all this zeal and activity was that when Walter found himself at last free and on the shining bosom of the loch, he was in a boat too heavy for his own sole management, sharing the care of it with Duncan, who was of a taciturn disposition and answered only when spoken to. This made the arrangement almost as satisfactory as if he had been alone, for Duncan was quite willing to obey and yield a hearty service without disturbing his young master with either questions or remarks. He was a large young man, strong and well-knit though somewhat heavy, with a broad, smiling face, red and freckled, with honest blue eyes under sandy eyelashes, and a profusion of strong and curly reddish hair. He beamed upon Lord Erradeen with a sort of friendly admiration and awe, answering, "Ay, my lord," and "No, my lord," always with the same smile of general benevolence and readiness to comply with every desire. When they had got beyond hail of the castle, from which Symington and Macalister watched them anxiously, Duncan mutely suggested the elevation of a mast and setting of the sail which the vessel was furnished with, to which Walter assented with eagerness: and soon they were skimming along before a light wind as if they had wings. And now began perhaps the most pleasurable expedition

that Walter had ever made in his life. Escaped from the ruinous old pile, within which he had feared he knew not what, escaped too from the observation and inspection of the two old men so much better acquainted with the history of his family than himself, whom he felt to be something between keepers and school-masters — fairly launched forth upon the world, with nothing to consult but his own pleasure, Walter felt his spirits rise to any height of adventure. There was not indeed any very wild adventure probable, but he was not much used to anything of the kind, and the sense of freedom and freshness in everything was intoxicating to the young man. The small boat, the rag of a sail, the lively wind that drove them along, the rushing ripple under their keel all delighted him. He held the helm with a sense of pleasure almost beyond anything he had ever known, feeling all the exhilaration of a discoverer in a new country, and for the first time the master of himself and his fate. Duncan said nothing, but grinned from ear to ear, when the young master in his inattention to, or to tell the truth ignorance of, the capabilities of the boat, turned the helm sharply, bringing her up to the wind in such a way as to threaten the most summary end for the voyage. He kept his eye upon the rash steersman, and Walter was not aware of the risks he ran. He directed his little vessel now here, now there, with absolute enjoyment, running in close ashore to examine the village, turning about again in a wild elation to visit an island, running the very nose of the boat into the rocky banks or feathery bushwood. How it was that no harm came as they thus darted from point to point Duncan never knew. He stood up roused to watchfulness, with his eyes intent on the movements of his master ready to remedy any indiscretion. It was in the nature of such undeserved vigilance that the object of it was never aware of it, but to be sure Duncan had his own life to think of too.

They had thus swept triumphantly down the loch, the wind favoring, and apparently watching over the rash voyager as carefully as and still more disinterestedly than Duncan. The motion, the air, the restless career, the novelty and the freedom enchanted Walter. He felt like a boy in his first escapade, with an intoxicating sense of independence and scorn of danger which gave zest to the independence. At every new zigzag he made, Duncan but grinned the more. He ut-

tered the Gaelic name of every point and isle, briefly, with guttural depth, out of his chest, as they went careering along before the wind. The boat was like an inquisitive visitor, too open for a spy, poking in to every corner. At length they came to an island standing high out of the water, with a rocky beach, upon which a boat lay carefully hauled up, and a feathery crest of trees, fine clumps of fir, fringed and surrounded by a luxuriant growth of lighter wood. In the midst of this fine network of branches, such as we call bare, being leafless, but which in reality are all astir with life restrained, brown purple buddings eager to start and held in like hounds in a leash — rose the solid outline of a house, built upon the ridge of rock, and appearing like a shadow in the midst of all the anatomy of the trees.

"That will be joost the ledly's," cried Duncan; at which Walter's heart, so light in his bosom, gave an additional leap of pleasure. He steered it so close that Duncan's vigilance was doubly taxed, for the least neglect would have sent the little vessel ashore. Walter examined the little landing, the rocky path that led up the bank, winding among the trees, and as much as could be made out of the house with keen interest. The man with the red shirt, who had been the young lady's boatman on the previous day, appeared at the further point as they went on. He was fishing from a rock that projected into the water, and turning to gaze upon the unwary boat, with astonished eyes, shouted something in Gaelic to Duncan, who nodded good-humoredly a great many times, and replied with a laugh in the same tongue.

"Yon will joost be Hamish," said Duncan.

"What is he saying?" cried Walter.

"He will just be telling us to mind where we are going," said Duncan impatiently.

"Tell him to mind his own business," cried Walter with a laugh. "And who is Hamish, and who is the ledly? Come, tell me all about it." His interest in the voyage flagged a little at this point.

Duncan thus interrogated was more put to it than by the dangerous course they had hitherto been running.

"It will joost be the ledly," he said; "and Hamish, that's her man: and they will joost be living up there like other persons, and fearing God: fery decent folk — oh, joost fery decent folk."

"I never doubted that. But who are they, and what are they? And do you



mean to say they *live* there, on that rock, in winter, so far north?"

Walter looked up at the dazzling sky, and repented his insinuation: but he was, alas, no better than an Englishman, when all was said, and he could not help a slight shiver as he looked back. Hamish, who had made a fine point of color on his projecting rock, had gone from that point, and was visible in his red shirt mounting the high crest of the island with hurried appearances and disappearances as the broken nature of the ground made necessary. He had gone, there seemed little doubt, to intimate to the inhabitants the appearance of the stranger. This gave Walter a new thrill of pleasure, but it took away his eagerness about the scenery. He lay back languidly, neglecting the helm, and as he, distracted Duncan's attention too, they had nearly run aground on the low beach of the next island. When this difficulty was got over, Walter suddenly discovered that they had gone far enough, and might as well be making their way homeward, which was more easily said than done; for the wind, which had hitherto served their purpose nobly, was no longer their friend. They made a tack or two, and crept along a little, but afterwards resigned themselves to ship the sail and take to the oars, which was not so exhilarating nor so well adapted to show the beauty of the landscape. It took them some time to make their way once more past the rocky point, and along the edge of the island which attracted Walter's deepest interest, but to which he could not persuade Duncan to give any name.

"It will joost be the leddy's," the boatman insisted on saying, with a beaming face; but either his English or his knowledge was at fault, and he went no further.

Walter's heart beat with a kind of happy anxiety, a keen but pleasant suspense as he swept his oar out of the water, and glanced behind him to measure how near they were to the landing, at which he had a presentiment something more interesting than Hamish might be seen. And as it turned out, he had not deceived himself. But what he saw was not what he expected to see.

The lady on the bank was not his fellow-traveller of yesterday. She was what Walter to himself, with much disappointment, called an old lady, wrapped in a large furred mantle and white, fleecy wrap about her head and shoulders. She stood and waved her hand as Walter's boat came slowly within range.

"Yon will be joost the leddy," said Duncan of the few words; and with one great sweep of his oar he turned the boat towards the landing. It was the man's doing, not the master's; but the master was not sorry to take advantage of this sudden guidance. It was all done in a moment, without intention. Hamish stood ready to secure the boat, and before he had time to think, Walter found himself on the little clearing above the stony bit of beach, hat in hand, glowing with surprise and pleasure, and receiving the warmest of welcomes.

"You will forgive me for just stopping you on your way," the lady said; "but I was fain to see you, Lord Erradeen, for your father and I were children together. I was Violet Montrose. You must have heard him speak of me."

"I hope," said Walter, with his best bow, and most ingratiating tone, "that you will not consider it any fault of mine; but I don't remember my father; he died when I was a child."

"Dear me," cried the lady; "how could I be so foolish! Looking at you again, I see you would not be old enough for that; and, now, I remember, he married late, and died soon after. Well, there is no harm done. We are just country neighbors, and as I was great friends with Walter Methven some five-and-forty years ago —"

"I hope," said the young man with a bow and smile, "that you will be so good as to be friends with Walter Methven now: for that is the name under which I know myself."

"Oh, Lord Erradeen!" the lady said with a little flutter of pleasure. Such a speech would be pretty from any young man; but made by a young lord, in all the flush of his novel honors, and by far the greatest potentate of the district, there was no one up the loch or down the loch who would not have been gratified. "It is just possible," she said after a momentary pause, "that having been brought up in England, and deprived of your father so early, you may not know much about your neighbors, nor even who we are, in this bit island of ours. We are the Foresters of Eaglescairn, whom no doubt ye have heard of; and I am one of the last of the Montroses — alas! that I should say so. I have but one of a large family left with me; and Oona and me, we have just taken advantage of an old family relic that came from my side of the house, and have taken up our habitation here. I hear she must have travelled

with you yesterday on the coach, not thinking who it was. Oh, yes; news travels fast at this distance from the world. I think the wind blows it, or the water carries it. All the loch by this time is aware of Lord Erradeen's arrival. Indeed," she added with a little laugh, "you know, my lord, we all saw the light."

She was a woman over fifty, but fair and slight, with a willowy figure, and a complexion of which many a younger woman might have been proud; and there was a little airiness of gesture and tread about her, which probably thirty years before had been the pretty affectations, half-natural, half-artificial, of a beauty, and which still kept up the tradition of fascinating powers. The little toss of her head, the gesture of her hands, as she said the last words, the half-apologetic laugh as if excusing herself for a semi-absurdity, were all characteristic and amusing.

"You know," she added, "in the Highlands we are allowed to be superstitious," and repeated the little laugh at herself with which she deprecated offence.

"What is it supposed to mean?" Walter asked somewhat eagerly. "Of course there is some natural explanation which will be simple enough. But I prefer to take the old explanation, if I knew what it was."

"And so do we," she said quickly. "We are just ready to swear to it, man and woman of us on the loch. Some say it is a sign the head of the house is coming—some that it is a call to him to come and meet—Dear me, there is Oona calling. And where is Hamish? I will not have the child kept waiting," said the lady, looking round her with a little nervous impatience.

She had begun to lead the way upward by a winding path among the rocks and trees, and now paused, a little breathless, to look down towards the landing-place, and clap her hands impatiently.

"Hamish is away, mem," said the woman whom Walter had seen on the coach, and who now met them coming down the winding path. She looked at him with a cordial smile, and air of kindly welcome. It was evident that it did not occur to Mysie that her salutations might be inappropriate. "You're very welcome, sir, to your ain country," she said with a curtsy, which was polite rather than humble. Walter felt that she would have offered him her hand, on the smallest encouragement, with a kindly familiarity which conveyed no disrespect.

"You should say my lord, Mysie," her mistress remarked.

"Deed, mem, and so I should; but when you're no much in the way o't, ye get confused. I said, as soon as I heard the news, that it would be the young gentleman on the coach, and I had just a feeling a' the time that it was nae tourist, but a kent face. Hamish is away, mem. I tell him he hears Miss Oona's foot on the bank, before ever she cries upon him; and yonder he is just touching the shore, and her ready to jump in."

The party had reached a little platform on the slope. The path was skilfully engineered between two banks, clothed with ferns and grasses, and still luxuriant with a vivid green, though the overhanging trees were all bare. Here and there a little opening gave a point of repose and extended view. Mrs. Forrester paused and turned round to point out to her visitor the prospect that now lay before them. She was a little breathless and glad of the pause, but it did not suit her character to say so. She pointed round her with a little triumph. They were high enough to see the loch on either side, looking down upon it through the fringe of branches. Opposite to this was the mainland which at that spot formed a little bay, thickly wooded with the dark green of the fir woods, amid which appeared the gables of a sort of ornamental cottage. Nearer the eye was the road, and underneath the road on the beach stood a little slight figure in the closely-fitting garb which Walter recognized. She had evidently been set down from a wagonette full of a lively party which waited on the highroad to see her embark. It was impossible to hear what they were saying, but the air was full of a pleasant murmur of voices.

"It is the young Campbells of Ellermore," said Mrs. Forrester, waving her handkerchief towards the group. "Oona has been spending last night with them, and they have brought her back. They will all be astonished, Mysie, to see me standing here with a gentleman. Dear me, they will all be saying who has Mrs. Forrester got with her?"

"They will think," said Mysie, "just that it's Mr. James or Mr. Ronald come home."

"Ah, Mysie, if that could be!" said the lady of the isle: and she put her hands together, which were thin and white, and ornamented by a number of rings, with a pretty conventional gesture of maternal regret. Walter stood looking on with

mingled amazement and pleasure: pleased as if he were at a play with all the new indications of domestic history which were opening to him, and with a sense of enjoyment through all his being. When the girl sprang into the boat, and Hamish, conspicuous in his red shirt, pushed off into the loch, the tumult of good byes became almost articulate. He laughed to himself under his breath, remembering all the greetings he had heard along the line of railway, the recognitions at every station.

"Your daughter seems to know everybody," he said.

"And how could she help knowing every person," cried Mysie, taking the words, as it were, out of her mistress's mouth, "when she was born and brought up on the loch, and never one to turn her back upon a neebor, gentle or simple, but just adored wherever she goes?"

"Oh, whisht, Mysie, whisht! we are partial," said Mrs. Forrester with her little antiquated graces; and then she invited Lord Erradeen to continue his walk.

It was the full blaze of day, and the view extended as they went higher up to the crest of the rock upon which the house was set. It was built of irregular reddish stone, all cropped with lichens where it was visible, but so covered with clinging plants that very little of the walls could be seen. The rustic porch was built something like a bee-hive, with young, slim-growing saplings for its pillars, and chairs placed within its shelter. There were some flower-beds laid out around, in which a few autumn crocuses had struggled into pale bloom—and a number of china roses hung half opened against the sides of the house. The roofs were partly blue slates, that most prosaic of comfortable coverings, and partly the rough red tiles of the country, which shone warm through the naked boughs.

Every hardy plant could bear  
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air,

was garlanded about the house, the little lawn was as green as velvet, the china roses were pale but sweet. Behind the house were the mossed apple-trees of a primitive orchard among the rocky shelves. It lay smiling in the sun, with the silver mirror of the lake all round, and every tint and outline doubled in the water. From the door the dark old castle of Kinloch-houran stood out against the silent darkness of the hill. Little rocky islets, like a sport of nature, too small to

be inhabited by anything bigger than rabbits, lay all reflected in broken lines of rock and brushwood, between Walter's old castle and this romantic house. They were so visible, one to the other, that the mere position seemed to form a link of connection between the inhabitants.

"We cannot but take an interest in you, you see, Lord Erradeen, for we can never get out of sight of you," said Mrs. Forrester.

And "I think the old place looks better from here than any other view I have seen," Walter added almost in the same breath.

They laughed as they spoke together. It was not possible to be more entirely "country neighbors." The young man had a fantastic feeling that it was a sort of flattery to himself that his house should be so entirely the centre of the landscape. He followed the lady into the house with a little reluctance, the scene was so enchanting. Inside the roofs were low, but the rooms well-sized and comfortable. They were full of curiosities of every kind: weapons from distant countries, trophies of what is called "the chase" hung upon the wall of the outer hall. The drawing-room was full of articles from India and China, carved ivories, monsters in porcelain, all the wonders that people used to send home before we got Japanese shops at every corner. An air of gentle refinement was everywhere, with something, too, in the many ornaments, little luxuries, and daintinesses which suggested the little *minauderies* of the old beauty, the old-fashioned airs and graces that had been irresistible to a previous generation.

"You will just stay and eat your luncheon with us, Lord Erradeen. I might have been but poor company, an old woman as I'm getting; but, now that Oona is coming, I need not be too modest; for, though there will not be a grand luncheon, there will be company, which is always something. And sit down and tell me something about your father and the lady he married, and where you have been living all this time."

Walter laughed. "Is it all my humble history you want me to tell you?" he said. "It is not very much. I don't remember my father, and the lady he married is—my mother, you know. The best mother—but I have not been the best of sons. I was an idle fellow, good for nothing a little while ago. Nobody knew what was going to come of me. I did nothing but loaf, if you know what that means."

"Ah, that I do," said Mrs. Forrester; "that was just like my Jamie. But now they tell me he is the finest officer —"

Walter paused, but the lady was once more entirely attention, listening with her hands clasped, and her head raised to his with an ingratiating sidelong look. He laughed. "They all made up their minds I was to be good for nothing —"

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Forrester softly, half closing her eyes and shaking her head, "that was just like my Bob — till he took a thought; and now he is planting coffee in Ceylon and doing well. Yes? and then?"

"An old man arrived one evening," said Walter, half laughing, "and told me — that I was Lord Erradeen. And do you know, from that moment nobody, not even I myself, would believe that I had ever loafed or idled or been good for nothing."

There was a pause, in which Walter thought he heard some one move behind him. But no sound reached Mrs. Forrester, who responded eagerly.

"My son, the present Eaglescairn, was just of the same kind," she said reflectively — she had a comparison ready for every case that could be suggested — "till he came of age. It was in the will that they were to come of age only at twenty-five, and till then I had a sore time. Oh, Oona, my dear, is that you? And had you a pleasant evening? Here is young Lord Erradeen that has come in, most kindly, I'm sure, to tell me about his father, that I knew so well. And it appears you met upon the coach yesterday. Come away, my dear, come away! And that was just most curious that, knowing nothing of one another, you should meet upon the coach."

Oona came in lightly, in her out-door dress. She gave Walter a look which was very friendly. She had paused for a moment at the door, and she had heard his confession. It seemed to Oona that what he said was generous and manly. She was used to forming quick impressions. She had been annoyed when she had heard from Hamish of the visitor, but her mind changed when she heard what he said. She came up to him and held out her hand. The fresh air was in her face, which Walter thought was like the morning, all bright and fresh and full of life. She made him a little curtsy with much gravity, and said in the pretty voice which was so fresh and sweet, and with that novelty of accent which had amused and delighted the young man, "You are

welcome to your own country, Lord Erradeen."

"Now that is very pretty of you, Oona," cried her mother. "I never thought you would remember to pay your little compliment, as a well-bred person should; for, to tell the truth, she is just too brusque — it is her fault."

"Hamish told me what to say," said Oona, with a glance of provocation. "He is a very well-bred person. He told me I was to bid my lord welcome to his own."

"Oh, my dear, you need not take away the merit of it, as if you had not thought of it yourself," said the mother aggrieved; "but run away and take off your hat, and let us have our lunch, for Lord Erradeen has been all the morning on the water and he will be hungry, and you are all blown about with the wind."

The young people exchanged looks, while Mrs. Forrester made her little protest. There was a sort of laughing interchange between them, in which she was mocking and he apologetic. Why, neither could have said. They understood each other, though they by no means clearly understood each what he and she meant. There was to be a little war between them, all in good-humor and good-fellowship, not insipid agreement and politeness. The next hour was, Walter thought, the most pleasant he had ever spent in his life. He had not been ignorant of such enjoyments before. When we said that various mothers in Sloebury had with the first news of his elevation suffered a sudden pang of self-reproach, to think how they had put a stop to certain passages, the end of which might now have been to raise a daughter to the peerage, it must have been understood that Walter was not altogether a novice in the society of women; but this had a new flavor which was delightful to him. It had been pleasant enough in the cottage, when Julia Herbert sang, and on other occasions not necessary to enter into. But on this romantic isle, where the sound of the loch upon the rocks made a soft accompaniment to everything, in a retirement which no vulgar interruption could reach, with the faded beauty on one side, scarcely able to forget the old pretty mannerisms of conquest even in her real maternal kindness and frank Highland hospitality, and the girl, with her laughing defiance on the other, he felt himself to have entered a new chapter of history. The whole new world into which he had come became visible to him in their conversation. He heard how he himself had been

looked for, and how "the whole loch" had known something about him for years before he had ever heard of Loch Houran. "We used to know you as the 'English lad,'" Oona said, with her glance of mischief. All this amused Walter more than words can say. The sun was dropping towards the west before — escorted to the landing-place by both the ladies, and taken leave of as an old friend — he joined the slow-spoken Duncan, and addressed himself to the homeward voyage. Duncan had not been slow of speech in the congenial company of Hamish. They had discussed the new-comer at length, with many a shaft of humor and criticism, during the visit which Duncan had paid to the kitchen. He blushed not now, secure in the stronghold of his unknown tongue, to break off in a witty remark at Walter's expense as he turned to his master his beaming smile of devotion. They set off together, master and man, happy yet regretful, upon their homeward way. And it was a tough row back to Kinloch-houran against the fresh and not too quiet Highland wind.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
ISAIAH OF JERUSALEM.

GOETHE'S account of beauty is surely the best that has ever been given of it: *Das Schöne ist eine Manifestation geheimer Naturgesetze, die uns ohne dessen Erscheinung ewig wären verborgen geblieben.* "The beautiful is a manifestation of secret laws of nature, which, but for its apparition, would have forever remained hidden from us." Nothing can be truer; we may remember it every time that we look on a lovely face, every time (still more) that we regard a fine work of literature. Yes; what is beautiful attracts us and delights us by virtue of natural laws; but these laws are secret, we cannot draw out the recipe for making the beautiful from them; when, however, the beautiful meets us, and we are attracted and delighted by it, then we find that here we have them manifested. Now the attraction and delight from what is beautiful is thus, as we see, a natural force, and it is moreover one of the most powerful natural forces that act upon mankind. When therefore we have succeeded in enlisting it in support of conduct and religion, we have enlisted a most potent auxiliary. But furthermore, when we have once got this auxiliary, it is necessary to remember

that there is something secret and incalculable about its nature. We do not know how it is originated; we cannot break it up and be sure of being able to produce it afresh by methods of our own; if we tamper with it, we are likely to lose it. There it is at present, and it is of a most subtle and fugitive nature; let us treat it, therefore, with all respect.

Thoughts of this kind pass through my mind as I turn over the pages of the revised version of the New Testament. Our established version comes to us from an age of singular power, and has great beauty. This beauty is a source of great power. Use and wont have further added to the power of this beauty by attaching to the old version a thousand sentiments and associations. Altogether, a force of the utmost magnitude has come into being. The revisers seem to me to have been insufficiently aware either of the nature of this force, or of its importance and value. They too much proceed either as if they had the recipe, if they broke up the force of beauty and sentiment attaching to the old version, for producing this force afresh themselves, or else as if the force was a matter of no great importance. In either case they are mistaken. The beauty of the old version is "a manifestation of secret laws of nature," and neither the revisers nor any of us can be sure of finding the recipe, if we destroy this manifestation, for compounding another as good. And if we think that its beauty does not much matter, then we have nature against us; for a manifestation of beauty is a manifestation of laws of nature.

The Dean of Chichester has attacked the revisers with exceeding great vehemence, and many of his reasons for hostility to them I do not share. But when he finally fixes on a test-passage and condemns them by it, he shows, I must say, a genuine literary instinct, a true sense for style, and brings to my mind that to him it was given to produce, long ago, in an Oxford prize-poem, that excellent line describing Petra which Arthur Stanley used to praise so warmly, —

A rose-red city, half as old as time.

The Dean of Chichester takes for his test the well-known passage in the first chapter of the Second Epistle of Peter: "And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly



kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." By this work of the old translators he then places the work of the revisers: "Yea, and for this very cause adding on your part all diligence, in your faith supply virtue; and in your virtue knowledge; and in your knowledge temperance; and in your temperance patience; and in your patience godliness; and in your godliness love of the brethren; and in your love of the brethren love." In merely placing these versions side by side, the Dean of Chichester thinks that he has done enough to condemn the revised version. And so, in truth, he has.

That is to say, he has done enough to condemn it as a substitute for the old version. He has made evident, by a startling example, how it has not the power of beauty and sentiment attaching to the old version, and can never have it. The instinct of self-preservation in humanity will make us retain the old version which has this power. If by an act of authority the new version could be made to supersede the old and the old to go out of use, a blow would be struck at religion in this country far more dangerous to it than the hindrances with which it has to contend now — beer-shops, Dissent, Ritualism, the Salvation Army, and the rest of the long and sad list. The new enemy would be indifference; an ever-growing indifference to a New Testament which failed to delight and move men like the old, and to fix its phrases in their memory. "Thou wilt not leave his soul in Hades," is never likely, we may depend upon it, *virum volitare per ora*.

The revisers have been led away by a very natural desire to correct all the mistakes of the old version, and to make a version which should be perfectly accurate. When once one is engaged, indeed, in a task like that of the revisers, the desire to alter is sure to grow upon one as one proceeds, the "*offendiculum* of scrupulousness," as Butler calls it, is sure to increase; until at last one is capable of forgetting that even the aorist was made for man and not man for the aorist, and of waging against the past tenses of the old version an often pedantic war. To have fallen into this course of proceeding is so natural, that I will by no means make it a matter of reproach against the revisers; probably, had I been one of them, I should have fallen into it myself. But it would have remained none the less true that this is just one of those cases where "the half," as the Greek proverb says, "is more than the whole;" and that,

by resisting the impulse to alter, by never forgetting that the object in view was not to make a perfectly accurate translation, but to preserve unimpaired the force of beauty and sentiment residing in the old version at the same time that one made such corrections as were indeed necessary — only by submitting to these conditions was real success possible to the revisers. As it is, they have produced a work excellently fitted to help and instruct, in reading the New Testament, all who do not know Greek; a work which in this way will be of invaluable usefulness, and from which every reader will probably import for his own use into his New Testament such corrections as seem to him urgently needed. But they have not done that which they were meant to do: they have not given us a version which is just the old version improved, and which can take the place of it. In fact, a second company of revisers is now needed to go through the recent revision, and to decide what of it ought to be imported into the established version, and with what modifications.

Meanwhile the time approaches for the revised version of the Old Testament, also, to make its appearance. Before it comes, let us say to ourselves and say to the revisers that the principal books of the Old Testament are things to be deeply enjoyed, and which have been deeply enjoyed hitherto. It is not enough to translate them accurately; they must be translated so as also to be deeply enjoyed, and to exercise the power of beauty and of sentiment which they have exercised upon us hitherto. Correct information by itself, as Butler profoundly says, is "really the least part" of education; just as religion, he adds, "does not consist in the knowledge and belief even of fundamental truths." No; education and religion, says Butler, consists mainly in our being brought by them "to a certain temper and behavior." Now, if we are to be brought to a temper and behavior, our affections must be engaged; and a force of beauty or of sentiment is requisite for engaging them.

Correct rendering is very often conspicuously absent from our authorized version of the Old Testament; far more often and far more conspicuously, indeed, than from our authorized version of the New. Correct information as to the meaning, therefore, far oftener fails us in reading or hearing the Old Testament; and the need for revision is great. But what a power is in the words as they

stand, imperfectly as we may often comprehend them, impossible as it may often be to attach a clear meaning to them! We connect them, at any rate, with truths which have a surpassing grandeur and worth for us, and they lend themselves to the connection with a splendor of march and sound worthy of the great objects with which we connect them. Take, for instance, the two short lessons from Isaiah which we hear in church on Christmas Day. Hardly any one can feel that he understands them clearly as he hears them read; indeed, as they now are, they cannot be understood clearly. But they connect themselves strikingly and powerfully with the great event which the festival of Christmas commemorates, and they have a magnificent glow and movement. "For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire." No one of us understands clearly what this means, and indeed a clear meaning is not to be got out of the words, which are a mistranslation. Yet they delight the ear, and they move us. Professor Robertson Smith brings an amended translation: "For the greaves of the warrior that stampeth in the fray, and the garments rolled in blood, shall be cast into the fire as fuel for the flame." Yes, we understand; but the charm of the thing is rudely shaken. Mr. Cheyne brings us a translation more close and correct still: "For every boot of him that trampleth noisily, and the cloak rolled in blood, are for burning, the fuel of fire." The charm has altogether vanished, if we receive these words to supersede the old words; the charm has vanished, never to return.

Mr. Cheyne and Professor Robertson Smith read their Isaiah in the original Hebrew, and in the Hebrew they enjoy him. Their translation of him, like their notes and commentaries on him, are designed to give correct and exact information as to his meaning. But such correct information is in the present case, as Butler has told us, "really the least part" of the matter; the main thing is the effect of a wonderful work of poetry and prophecy upon the soul and spirit. And this they themselves, as I have said, get by reading it in the Hebrew. But the mass of English readers, who know no Hebrew, how are they to get as fully as possible, for their soul and spirit, the effect of this wonderful work? Granted that they get some of it even from the present imperfect translation of our Bibles; but we must

allow that they do not and cannot get it at all fully. Such translation as that of which I have quoted specimens above, will not give it them more fully. It will give them more correct knowledge of Isaiah's meaning; but his effect upon their soul and spirit it will even impair, and render less than it is now. What is to be done? Can nothing be done to give it to them more fully?

Such is the question which with the revised version of the New Testament in my hands, and the revised version of the Old Testament in prospect, I keep asking myself about Isaiah. Taking him merely as poetry and literature, — which is not, I will readily add, to take him in his entirety, — I consider the question very important. I rate the value of the operation of poetry and literature upon men's minds extremely high; and from no poetry and literature, not even from our own Shakespeare and Milton, great as they are and our own as they are, have I received so much delight and stimulus as from Homer and Isaiah. To know, in addition to one's native literature, a great poetry and literature not of home growth, is an influence of the highest value; it widens one's range. The Bible has thus been an influence of the highest value for the nations of Christendom. And the effect of Hebrew poetry can be preserved and transferred in a foreign language, as the effect of other great poetry cannot. The effect of Homer, the effect of Dante, is and must be in great measure lost in a translation, because their poetry is a poetry of metre, or of rhyme, or both; and the effect of these is not really transferable. A man may make a good English poem with the matter and thoughts of Homer or Dante, may even try to reproduce their metre, or to reproduce their rhyme; but the metre and rhyme will be in truth his own, and the effect will be his, not the effect of Homer or Dante. Isaiah's, on the other hand, is a poetry, as is well known, of parallelism; it depends not on metre and rhyme, but on a balance of thought, conveyed by a corresponding balance of sentence; and the effect of this can be transferred to another language. Hebrew poetry has in addition the effect of assonance and other effects which cannot perhaps be transferred; but its main effect, its effect of parallelism of thought and sentence, can. I ask myself, therefore, this question: How can the effect of this best of a great poetry and literature, an effect of the highest worth and power, an effect which can in a great

degree be preserved in translation, and which our old version does preserve, but renders imperfectly—how, to the mass of English people, who do not know Hebrew, may the effect of Isaiah be so rendered and conveyed as that they may feel it most fully?

First and foremost in importance, for the attainment of such an end, is this rule—that the old version is not to be departed from without necessity. It comes from a great flowering-time of our literature, and has created deep and powerful sentiments; it is still the prime agent on which we have to rely for the attainment of our prime object, that Isaiah may be enjoyed fully. Increase of knowledge enables us to see mistakes in the old version and to correct them; but only mistakes, real mistakes, should be corrected, and they should be corrected gently. I once said that I would forbear to alter the old version of Isaiah where it made sense, whether the sense made was that of the original or not. I went too far; where the sense given by the old version is another sense from that of the original, alteration is required. But we should use a large and liberal spirit in judging what constitutes a departure from the sense of the original. If the general sense is preserved, we should be satisfied. We should not regard ourselves as called to a trial of skill in which he succeeds best who renders the original most literally and exactly. At least, if we choose to engage in a trial of skill of such a kind, we should say to ourselves that all we can hope to produce in this way is what may be called aids to the study of Isaiah—capable of being of great use, perhaps, to students; but the mass of mankind are not students, and the mass of mankind want something quite different. To meet the wants of the mass of mankind, our trial of skill must be, to succeed in altering as little as possible and yet altering enough; and in altering enough, and yet leaving the reader with the impression that we have not altered at all, or hardly at all. Only thus can our revised version, under the actual conditions of the case, have charm; and it is essential that it should have charm.

The first chapter of Isaiah really and strictly requires, for our purpose as thus laid down, three changes, and three changes only. In verse 17, *relieve the oppressed* should be *correct the oppressor*; in verse 25, *thy tin* should be *thine alloy*; and in verse 31, for *the maker of it* we should read *his work*. Two or three

other very slight changes besides may be desirable, in order to bring out the effect better; but these are the only changes which can be called indispensable. To re-write the chapter, if the reader we have in view is the great public, not the sifting and curious student, is fatal. If the authorized version had succeeded in giving the chapters which follow as happily as in giving the first chapter, the task of a reviser would be easy indeed. But this high standard of success is not maintained; and consequently, in the chapters which follow, there is much more need of change than in the first chapter. Still our rule should always be to alter as little as possible. What can be gained, or rather what is not lost, by changing "But Ahaz said, I will not ask, neither will I tempt the Lord," into "But Ahaz said, I will not ask, neither will I put Jehovah to the test"? Here no change was needed at all. Where change is needed, our ideal should be a case such as one which is presented in the 16th verse of the 30th chapter, where the change of a letter\* is all that is required to effect a needful improvement, and to effect it admirably.

Undoubtedly the use of *Jehovah* or *Jahve*, instead of *the Lord*, is inadmissible in a version intended, not to be scanned by students, but to be enjoyed by the mass of readers. *Jehovah* and *Jahve* have a mythological sound, and to substitute them for *the Lord* disturbs powerful sentiments long and deeply established already. *The Eternal* is in itself a better equivalent than *the Lord* for *Jehovah*; it is adopted in one of the French versions. And in many of the familiar texts which a man has present to his mind and habitually dwells upon, he will do well to adopt it; he will find that it gives to the text a fuller and deeper significance. But there are combinations to which it does not lend itself without some difficulty, and to which *the Lord* lends itself better; and at any rate, to banish this accustomed reading, and to substitute for it everywhere *the Eternal*, would be too radical a change. There would be more loss to the sentiment, from the disturbing shock caused to it by so great a change, than gain from the more adequate rendering.

The old translators of Isaiah, with the notion that a prophet is, above everything, a man who makes supernatural predictions, lean always to the employment of the future tense; they use it excessively.

\* *Fly for flee.*

But it is unnecessary and pedantic to change always, in order to mark that a prophet is *not*, above everything, a man who makes supernatural predictions, their future tenses into presents. The balance of the rhythm is often deranged and injured by the correction, without any compensating advantage. For in truth the present, the past, and the future, are all of them natural and legitimate tenses of prophecy. Sometimes the prophet may be said to intend them all, to use them all; and often one of them will serve to render him as well as another. "Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge: and their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst. Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it."\* Here preterites, presents, and futures, are mingled together; but the general sense is adequately given, and nothing is gained by endangering the rhythm of these fine verses by turning all the tenses into presents. But sometimes the futures of the old version hinder our adequately seizing the sense, and then they are to be altered. "Behold, their valiant ones shall cry without: the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly."† The magnates of Judah have been sent to Lachish to make Hezekiah's submission to Sennacherib; the ambassadors are returned, and are at the gate of Jerusalem, bringing with shame and consternation the tidings that the Assyrian, after accepting their submission and presents, insists further on the surrender of Jerusalem. "Behold, Judah's valiant ones cry without; the ambassadors of peace weep bitterly." The prophet is not predicting; he sees and hears the envoys weeping at the city gate. In a case of this kind the future tense impairs the effect, and must be altered.

The first requisite, if we are to feel and enjoy the book of Isaiah aright, is to amend the authorized translation without destroying its effect. And the second requisite is to understand the situation with which the book deals, the facts to which it makes reference, the expressions which it employs — to do this, and to do it without losing oneself in details. All sorts of questions solicit the regard of the student of Isaiah: questions of lan-

guage, questions of interpretation, questions of criticism, questions of history. The student has the Assyrian inscriptions offering themselves to him on one side, and the great controversy as to the arrangement of the book of Isaiah offering itself to him on the other. Now, all kinds of knowledge are interesting, some kinds of knowledge are fascinating; and the book of Isaiah invites us towards kinds of knowledge which are peculiarly fascinating. But there is the same danger here which there is in the apparatus of philological study which accompanies and guards for us, in our boyhood, the entrance upon Greek. There is the danger of our losing ourselves in preliminaries, and of our being brought, by the pursuit of an impossible perfection, to miss our main design. Perfection is the ideal, thoroughness in preparation is most precious. But there is the danger, also, of forgetting how short man's time is, how easily he is diverted and distracted from his real aim, how easily tired. How many boys learning Greek never get beyond that philological vestibule in which we are kept so assiduously; never arrive at Greek literature at all! The adult student of Isaiah is exposed to the risk of a like misfortune. The apparatus to Isaiah is so immense, that the student who has to handle it is in danger of not living long enough to come ever to enjoy the performance of Isaiah himself.

Four names stand out from among the names of Isaiah's commentators. They are all of them the names of Germans. Mr. Cheyne is the first Englishman who has given us a commentary on Isaiah of like seriousness and sound knowledge with theirs, and he would himself be the foremost to profess his obligations to them. The four Germans are Vitringa, Gesenius, Ewald, Delitzsch; and of these four, again, two stand out most prominently, Ewald and Delitzsch. Both are invaluable; to both we owe all gratitude. Ewald kindles and inspires us most, Delitzsch instructs us most. But at what a length he instructs us, and with what discursiveness! Life being so short as it is, and the human mind so shallow a vessel, can it be well to make us read a closely-printed page of imperial octavo about the different kinds of wounds and their treatment, in connection with the "wounds and bruises and putrefying sores"\* spoken of by Isaiah? Can it be necessary, in connection with Isaiah's phrase, "though

\* Isaiah v. 13, 14.

† Ibid. xxxiii. 7.

\* Isaiah i. 6.

your sins be as scarlet;”\* to give us another like page on the mystical character of red and white to this sort of effect: “Blood is the color of fire and therefore of life; blood is red, because life is a fire-process?”

No, it is not necessary; and we must be careful not to let ourselves be lost in excursions of this kind. Still, it is very requisite to understand the situation with which the book of Isaiah deals, the facts to which it makes reference, the expressions which it employs. For instance, the mystic names of Isaiah's sons, Shear-jashub and Maher-shalal-hash-baz, are of the very highest significance. One of them, the name of Shear-jashub, governs the whole book. Yet not one in twenty among ordinary readers or hearers of Isaiah knows what they mean. However, the chief drawback to our right enjoyment of Isaiah is our ignorance of that whole situation of things which the book supposes, rather than our ignorance of the meaning of particular expressions. Verses and passages from Isaiah are far more generally known, and far more present to the minds of most of us, than passages from the Greek and Latin classics. But they stand isolated in our minds, without our having any firm grasp of the facts to which they refer, or any clear view of the situation of things which they suppose. Cultivated people have in general a much clearer and more connected notion of the important moments and situations in Greek and Roman history—of the Persian war, the rise of Athens, the Peloponnesian war, the Sicilian expedition, the Roman republic, the Punic wars, Cæsar and the empire—than they have of the historical moment and situation with which Isaiah had to deal. But we cannot appreciate Isaiah unless we have before our minds this moment and situation.

Its history is well given in Professor Robertson Smith's recent work on the prophets; but our purpose requires a narrative which will go into two or three pages, not a narrative spreading itself through a series of chapters. Let us try to sketch the situation. There is some uncertainty in the chronology; the old received dates of the Jewish kings have in some cases to be corrected from data furnished by the Assyrian inscriptions. But, at any rate, the period with which we have to deal is the last half of the eighth century before Christ. From 750 to 700 B.C. is the period of Isaiah's activity. The

chief countries concerned are Judah, Israel, Assyria, Syria, Egypt, Ethiopia. Babylon for most of this period is as yet, though again and again rising in revolt, a vassal kingdom of Assyria. The great personages of the history are four successive kings of Assyria—Tiglath-pileser, Shalmaneser, Sargon, and Sennacherib; two successive kings of Judah, Ahaz and Hezekiah; the king of Syria, Rezin; Pekah, king of Israel; the king of Egypt, whom Isaiah calls by the general dynastic name of Pharaoh only; and Tirhakah, king of Ethiopia. The main events of our fifty years' period are the conquest of Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel, by the Assyrians in 721 B.C., and the failure of Sennacherib to possess himself of Jerusalem in 701.

Of the final scope of Isaiah's ideas, so far as we can apprehend it, and of the character and grandeur of his prophetic deliverances, I may speak at more length hereafter. Here I only deal with his prophecy so far as our presentment of the historical situation requires. Isaiah's centre of action was Jerusalem. He was of noble, by some accounts of even royal birth. To his native country of Judah the long reign of Uzziah, the grandfather of Ahaz, had been a time of great power, wealth, and prosperity. The rival kingdom of Israel, under the reign of the second Jeroboam, in part contemporary with the reign of Uzziah, had likewise been conquering, rich, and prosperous. Never since the death of Solomon, and the separation of the ten tribes from Judah, had the two kingdoms enjoyed so much prosperity. But when Isaiah began his career, the tide of the northern kingdom's prosperity had long since turned. The king of Israel was now the subordinate ally of the king of Syria; and the two kings, fearing extinction by their great military neighbor on the north, Assyria, which was pressing hard upon them, desired to unite Syria, Palestine, and Egypt in resistance to Assyria's progress, and for this purpose to force the king of Judah into an alliance with them. At the end of Uzziah's reign the design was already formed. It was maturing during the reign of his son Jotham. And soon after the accession of Jotham's son, Ahaz, the kings of Syria and Israel appeared with an army in Judah, resolved to bend Ahaz to their will.

The outward and seeming prosperity of Judah had continued until the death of Jotham. On this outward prosperity the eyes of Isaiah in his early manhood

\* Isaiah i. 18.



rested; but it exercised no illusion upon him, he discerned its unsoundness. He saw his country with "an upper class materialized," an upper class full of cupidity, hardness, insolence, dissoluteness. He saw the lower class, the bulk of the people, to be better indeed and more free from vice than the upper class; he saw it attached in its way to the old religion, but understanding it ill, turning it into a superstition and a routine, admitting gross accretions and admixtures to it: a lower class, in short, fatally impaired by bad example and want of leading. Butler's profound words, so true for at any rate the old societies of the world, cannot but here rise to the mind: "The behavior of the lower rank of mankind has very little in it original or of home growth; very little which may not be traced up to the influence of others, and less which is not capable of being changed by that influence. This being their condition, consider now what influence, as well as power, their superiors must, from the nature of the case, have over them. And experience shows that they do direct and change the course of the world as they please. Not only the civil welfare but the morals and religion of their fellow-creatures greatly depend upon them."

In his first deliverances,\* soon after the year 740, Isaiah denounced as unsound the still existing outward prosperity of Judah, his country. Ahaz came to the throne; and the young king, and the governing class surrounding him, now began freely to introduce from the neighboring nations worship and rites many of which had for their vicious adopters the attraction of being also dissolute or cruel orgies. Then fell the blow of invasion. The kings of Syria and Israel overran the country of Judah; and, amid the consternation pervading Jerusalem, the famous meeting of Isaiah with Ahaz took place "at the end of the conduit of the upper pool in the highway of the fuller's field."†

Three names, which are to be found in the chapter relating Isaiah's interview with Ahaz and in the chapter immediately following it, sum up for us the judgment of Isaiah upon this emergency, and indeed upon the whole troublous future discovering itself to his thoughts. These three names are *Immanuel*, *Shear-jashub*, *Maher-shalal-hash-baz*. Immanuel means, as everybody knows, "God with us." Shear-jashub and Maher-shalal-hash-baz

are the names of Isaiah's two sons. The meaning of Shear-jashub is given in a chapter following: "The remnant shall return." *Return*, not in the physical sense, but in the moral: be converted, come to God. The third name, Maher-shalal-hash-baz, means: "Spoil speedeth, prey hasteth."

*Spoil speedeth, prey hasteth.* The kingdoms which the chosen people has made for itself, their world which now is, with its prosperities, idolatries, governing classes, oppression, pleasures, drunkards, careless women, systems of policy, strong alliances, shall pass away; nothing can save it. Strokes of statesmanship, fluctuations of fortune, cannot change the inevitable final result. The present invasion by Rezin and Pekah is nought, the kings of Syria and Israel will disappear, their plans will be frustrated, their power destroyed. But no real triumph is thus won, no continuance secured, for Judah as it is, for Judah's king and governing classes as they are. Assyria, the great and colossal power, the representative and wielder of "the kingdoms of this world" now, as Babylon and Rome became their representatives afterwards, Assyria is behind. Swiftly and irresistibly this agent of the Eternal is moving on, to ruin and overwhelm Judah and Judah's allies. "He shall pass through Judah; he shall overflow and go over."\* *Spoil speedeth, prey hasteth.*

And, nevertheless, *God is with us*. In this Jerusalem, in this city of David, in this sanctuary of the old religion, God has been known, righteousness loved, the root of the matter reached, as they never have been in the world outside. The great world outside has nothing so indispensable to mankind, no germ so precious to mankind, as the "valley of vision" has. Therefore "he that believeth shall not take flight;" there is laid by the Eternal "in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation."† *God is with us*.

But it is *the remnant shall return*; the remnant, and the remnant only. Our old world must pass away, says Isaiah to his countrymen; "God is with us" for the making of a new world, but how few of us may take part in that making! Only a remnant! a remnant sifted and purged by sharp trial, and then sifted and purged afresh. "Even if yet there shall be a tenth, it shall return and shall be burned;

\* Isaiah ii.-v.

† Ibid. vii. 3.

\* Isaiah viii. 8.

† Ibid. xxviii. 16.

but as a terebinth tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them when they are cut down, so the stock of that burned tenth shall be a holy seed.\* Against this seed the kingdoms of the world, the hosts of self-seeking and unrighteous power, shall not finally prevail; they shall fail in their attacks upon it, they shall founder. It shall see a king of its own, who shall reign not as Ahaz, but "shall reign in righteousness;" it shall see a governing class, not like the ministers and nobles of the court of Ahaz, but of whom "a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest;" where "the vile person shall no more be called noble, nor the worker of mischief said to be worthy."† It shall see the lower people with a religion no longer blind and gross; "the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly."‡ Amidst such a society it "shall see the king in his beauty, shall behold the land spreading very far forth."§ *The remnant shall return.*

The final scope of these ideas of Isaiah, and what is really their significance and their greatness, I for the present, as I have said, do not attempt to discuss. But they give us, just as they stand, the clue to his whole book and to all his prophecy. Let us pursue our summary of the historical situation with their aid. They will enable us to make very brief what remains to be said.

Ahaz heard, but was not convinced. He had a more short and easy way than Isaiah's. He put himself into the hands of the king of Assyria. In 734 B.C. Tiglath-pileser, after chastising the kingdom of Israel, crushed the kingdom of Syria, and received the homage of Ahaz at Damascus. Shalmaneser, Tiglath-pileser's successor, determined to make an end of the subjected but ever restless kingdom of Israel, and formed the siege of Samaria, which was taken by his successor Sargon in 721. Three years before this destruction of the northern kingdom, Hezekiah had succeeded his father Ahaz upon the throne of Jerusalem. Hezekiah was a man of piety; but the governing class remained as before, and controlled the policy of their country. Judah was tributary to Assyria, and owed to Assyria its deliverance from a great danger. But the deliverer and his designs were extremely dangerous, and made Judah apprehensive of being swallowed up pres-

ently, when its turn came. The neighboring countries — Phœnicia on the north, Moab, Ammon, and the Arabian nations on the east, Philistia on the west, Egypt and Ethiopia on the south — shared Judah's apprehensions. There were risings, and they were sternly quelled; Judah, however, remained tranquil. But the scheme of an anti-Assyrian alliance was gradually becoming popular. Egypt was the great pillar of hope. By its size, wealth, resources, pretensions, and fame, Egypt seemed a possible rival to Assyria. Time went on. Sargon was murdered in 705; Sennacherib succeeded him. Then on all sides there was an explosion of revolts against the Assyrian rule. The first years of Sennacherib's reign were spent by him in quelling a formidable rising of Merodach-baladan, king of Babylon. The court and ministers of Hezekiah seized this opportunity for detaching their master from Assyria, for joining in the movement of the insurgent states of Palestine and its borders, and for allying themselves with Egypt.

All this time Isaiah never changed his view of the situation. The risings were vain, the Egyptian alliance could not profit. Of his three great notes he kept reiterating the sternest one, and insisting upon it: *Spoil speedeth, prey hasteth.* He repeated it to Moab and Arabia, to Tyre and Philistia, to Egypt and Ethiopia. The great stream of Assyrian conquest will assuredly submerge you, he said, and you cannot escape from it. But of what avail, then, could Egypt and Ethiopia be, to help Judah?

Nay, and the stream must overflow Judah also. In 701 Sennacherib, victorious in Babylonia, marched upon Palestine. For Judah also was now the note true: *Spoil speedeth, prey hasteth.* But for Judah Isaiah had those two other notes besides, constantly alternating with the darker one: the notes of *God with us* and of *The remnant shall return.* Higher still those notes rose when the invader appeared in Judah, confident, overbearing, unscrupulous, perfidious, and demanded the surrender of Jerusalem. Jerusalem, so Isaiah prophesied, the invader should never enter; a disaster should befall him; he should return in discomfiture to his own land.

Sennacherib's enterprise against Jerusalem presently failed. His own account of the failure is not the same as the Jewish account; any more than the account of the battle of Albuera in Napier's history is the same as the account of it in the

\* Isaiah vi. 13.

† Ibid. xxxii. 1, 2, 5, 4.

‡ Ibid. xxxiii. 17.

"*Victoires et Conquêtes de l'Armée Française.*" But from the Assyrian account itself it is sufficiently manifest that the enterprise failed, and that Sennacherib returned to his own land unsuccessful.

It was a great triumph for Isaiah. And undoubtedly it gave him for the moment a commanding influence, and contributed not a little to the final accomplishment of religious reforms which were dear to his heart. Shall we ask whether it enabled him to behold a king reigning in righteousness, and a governing class like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land? Shall we ask whether he even expected it to enable him to do this? No; we will not now pursue further his own conceptions as to the fulfilment of his own prophecies — prophecies "impatient," as Davison says, "for the larger scope." We will not interrogate him as to his own views, as years rolled on with him, of his splendid promises of Immanuel and of the remnant. We may touch upon this matter later. At present we do but give a summary of the historical situation which ought to be ever present to our minds in reading Isaiah. We will conclude our summary by saying that he lived on into the reign of Hezekiah's son Manasseh, and that he is said to have been put to death by Manasseh. One tradition attributes his death to offence given to the fanaticism of a narrow religiosity by his large and free language. Whether his death was caused by the hatred of a religious party, or by the hatred of that governing class which in former reigns he had so unsparingly assailed, we shall never know. A Puritan terror, an aristocratical terror, a Jacobin terror — a great soul may easily become an object of fear and hatred to each and all of them; by any one of them he may easily perish. In one or the other of them, probably, Isaiah sank.

The events and personages of the historical situation of which I have thus given the rapid summary should be as familiar to us, if we are ever rightly to enjoy Isaiah, as the events and personages of those passages of history with which we are most conversant. For my part, I often gladly allow myself to employ parallels from such passages, in order to bring out for my own mind the events and personages of Isaiah's time more vividly. What is Assyria but the French empire as it presented itself to the eyes of our fathers — conquering, rapacious, aggressive, insolent, unscrupulous, unrighteous? What is Sennacherib withdrawing baffled

from Jerusalem, but Napoleon withdrawing baffled from Moscow? Egypt, of grand appearance but not of real force and vigor answering to it, Egypt august, proud, unwieldy, dilatory, ineffectual, is the Austrian Empire. The youthful Ahaz, vain, sensual, and false, is the Prince John of "Ivanhoe." The pious Hezekiah, with his zeal for strictness in public worship, with his turn for hymnody and for religious literature, with his want of insight and greatness, his errors in policy and his bad ministers, Hezekiah brings always to my mind Mr. Perceval, George the Third's favorite minister; Mr. Perceval, a man exemplary and strictly religious, but narrow and unequal to the situation; capable of pursuing the most deplorable policy and of employing the most unfit men. And as I have formerly likened to Sancho Panza the great *Times* newspaper, following with sighs, shrugs, and remonstrances that arrant adventurer, the modern spirit, so, without offence to the excellent proprietor of the *Times*, let me say that I never can help thinking of him when I read Isaiah's invectives against Hezekiah's mayor of the palace, Shebna. Not a word is alleged against Shebna's character; but, like the *Times*, Shebna is the organ of the governing class, the friend and upholder of the established fact — and Isaiah is their mortal enemy. And he sees this Shebna in great prosperity, buying land, building right and left, founding a family. "What hast thou here and whom hast thou here?" he cries; "I will drive thee from thy station, and I will call my servant Eliakim, and I will commit thy government into his hand, and he shall be a father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem!"\* It is as if a revolutionary prophet were to see in power the proprietor of the *Times* and maintainer of the established fact, and to predict his having to give place to Mr. Samuel Smith, the newly elected member for Liverpool, a Christian Socialist. And we find that, as to the ministers of King Hezekiah and as to the government of Judah, Isaiah carried his point or nearly carried it; for when Sennacherib's envoys came to Jerusalem, Shebna was no longer mayor of the palace; Eliakim filled the post instead of him. Shebna, nevertheless, was scribe; † that is to say, Isaiah had been allowed to have his way in part, but only in part. A compromise had been arranged, there had been a shuffling of the cards; Eliakim

\* Isaiah xxii. 15-25.

† Ibid. xxxvi. 3.

was now prime minister, but Shebna was secretary of state. Ah, these politicians!

The third requisite for a full enjoyment of Isaiah is to have the book so arranged that we can read his prophecies in their right order and in their right connection. It is demonstrable that it is not so arranged now; and although in re-arranging it there is danger of being fantastic and rash, and many critics have succumbed to this danger, yet some re-arrangement is absolutely necessary, and, if made with sobriety, fairness, moderation, and caution, must be of signal benefit. I have no space left, however, to open this question now; to this question, and to other points still requiring some notice, I may return hereafter.

But I will not end, even for the present, without seeking to act up to my own doctrine that the right thing for us to do with the book of Isaiah is to enjoy it. To enjoy even a chapter of him is in truth better than to read a thousand pages of comment on him. After all my comment, let me then refresh my readers with at least one chapter from Isaiah himself. It shall be a very noble and characteristic chapter; \* a chapter which ought probably, if the collection of his prophecies which we possess were to be properly arranged, to stand the last, and to conclude them. It admirably illustrates his use of the three *notes* which I have mentioned as governing his prophecy; and moreover it exhibits the astonishing rapidity of transition, the splendid variety, the unequalled force, of his mode of employing them.

We are at the moment when the fierce Assyrian giant, the aggressor, conqueror, and scourge, with *Spoil speedeth, prey hasteth* written on his forehead, is encamped in Judah, ravaging its lands, taking its towns one after the other, threatening Jerusalem. Him the prophet addresses:—

Woe to thee that spoilest and thou wast not spoiled, and dealest injuriously and they dealt not injuriously with thee!

When thou shalt cease to spoil, thou shalt be spoiled; and when thou shalt make an end to deal injuriously, they shall deal injuriously with thee!

Then he strikes the note of *Immanuel*:—

O Lord, be gracious unto us! we have waited for thee, be thou their † arm every morning, our salvation also in the time of trouble!

\* Chapter xxxiii.  
† Judah's.

At the noise of the tumult the peoples fled; at the lifting up of thyself the nations were scattered.

And your spoil \* shall be gathered like the gathering of the caterpillar, as the running to and fro of locusts shall men run upon them.

The Lord is exalted; for he dwelleth on high; he hath filled Zion with judgment and righteousness.

And the stability of thy times † shall be wisdom, and knowledge, and strength of salvation; the fear of the Lord is his ‡ treasure.

But then recurs the note of *Mahershalal-hash-baz*:—

Behold, their valiant ones § cry without; the ambassadors of peace weep bitterly.

The highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth; he || hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities, he regardeth no man.

The land mourneth and languisheth; Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down; Sharon is like a wilderness, and Bashan and Carmel shake off their leaves.

Now sounds again the note of *Immanuel*:—

Now will I rise, saith the Lord, now will I be exalted, now will I lift up myself.

Ye ¶ shall conceive chaff, ye shall bring forth stubble; your breath, as fire, shall devour you.

And the peoples shall be as the burnings of lime; as thorns cut up shall they be burned in the fire.

Hear, ye that are far off, what I have done!

Yes, let Assyria and the nations hear! but then the prophet turns homeward with the note of *Shear-jashub*, of "Only the remnant."

And ye that are near, acknowledge my might!

The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. *Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?*

He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly, he that despiseth the gain of oppressions and averteeth his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil.

He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.

Thine eyes \*\* shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land spreading very far forth.

Thine heart shall meditate the terror.††

\* To Assyria.

† To Judah.

‡ Judah's.

§ Judah's.

|| Sennacherib.

¶ To Assyria.

\*\* To the remnant.

†† Of Assyria and its conquests.

Where is the assessor? where is the weigher? \*  
where is he that counted the towers? †

Thou seest no more the fierce people, the  
people of a dark speech that thou canst not  
perceive, of a stammering tongue that thou  
canst not understand. ‡

Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities;  
thine eye shall see Jerusalem a quiet habita-  
tion, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down;  
not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be re-  
moved, neither shall any of the cords thereof  
be broken.

Then the note of *Immanuel* joins the  
note of *The remnant shall return*, and is  
blended with it:—

But there the glorious Lord will dwell with  
us; a place of broad rivers and streams, where-  
in shall go no galley with oars, neither shall  
gallant ship pass thereby. §

For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our  
lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us!

Yet once more the note to remind of  
*Spoil speedeth* and of "the terror,"—fin-  
ishing and merged, however, in the notes  
of victory:—

Thy ‖ tacklings are loosed; they hold not  
firm their mast, they keep not spread the sail;  
but then is the prey of a great spoil ¶ divided!  
the lame take the prey!

And the inhabitant shall not say: *I am sick!*  
the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven  
their iniquity.

Of this fine chapter the rendering in  
our Bibles is often inaccurate, and I have  
had to alter it. But I have altered it as  
little as I possibly could, and I should  
rejoice if the reader happily failed to no-  
tice that I had altered it at all. No;  
decidedly the revisers must not hope to  
make us enjoy Isaiah by giving us as a  
rendering of him: *For every boot of him  
that trampleth noisily.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

\* Of the tribute paid to Assyria.

† In order to besiege them.

‡ The Assyrians spoke a Semitic dialect not intel-  
ligible to the Hebrews.

§ No earthly waters, but the river of the peace of God.

‖ To Judah.

¶ Of the retreating Assyrians.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE LAND OF PROMISE: A FABLE.

BY LORD LYTTON.

# I.

A PILGRIM FOLK, o'er leagues of pathless sand  
Long journeying patiently from far away,  
Lured by the promise of a fairer land,  
Reach'd ere the close of one eventful day

The craggy shore of a capacious stream:  
And lo! the Promised Land before them lay  
All in a golden sunset, whose last gleam  
Reveal'd between the rovers and their rest  
No barrier save that river's bridgeless breast.

# II.

Each sufferer, sick and footsore from the waste,  
Hail'd with reviving hope the blissful sight.  
About the river-beach they pitch'd in haste  
Their evening tents, and roam'd in dreams all  
night

The Land of Promise. At the dawn, however,  
The signal trumpet sounded, summoning  
The tribe to council. For that rock-bound  
river

Was broad, and deep, and rapid. The first  
thing

On which their pilgrim parliament decided  
Was to preserve intact, to a community  
Whose best opinions might be much divided,  
The necessary strength of social unity.  
And so it ruled that they should all agree  
To recognize as final the authority  
Of whatsoever plan might chance to be  
Adopted by the vote of the majority.

# III.

Scarce was this salutary rule laid down,  
Ere one brisk leader of the emigration  
(Whose dauntless spirit was to all well known)  
Sprang forward with a shout of exultation;  
And, from the shoulder of the stony shore  
Pointing where every gaze instinctive turn'd,  
"Brothers," he cried, "procrastinate no more!  
The Promised Land, long arduously earn'd,  
Before us lies. Why linger, then, the brave?  
What need of projects and of plans? To me  
Nature hard muscles and a man's heart gave,  
Nor need I more to grasp the good I see.  
Forward! Who follows? Fate befriends the  
bold!"

Without a pause he plunged into the wave  
That 'twixt the wanderers and their wishes  
roll'd;

And, after him, to glory or the grave,  
The younger pilgrims rush'd.

# IV.

A cry arose,  
"Rash fools, restrain this mad enthusiasm!  
Behold with what enthusiastic blows  
The battering current grinds its granite chasm!  
What to its pitiless waves can you oppose?  
Your numbers? They outnumber you. Your  
will?"

The water's will is wilder than your own.  
Your energy? More energetic still  
Is the tremendous drift that drags you down.  
Rest in the rear when ruin's in the van,  
Reflect, return, renounce. . . . Alas, too late!"

# V.

He who said this was an old grey-hair'd man.  
His voice was answer'd by resentful cries,  
"Pedant, and craven-hearted renegade,  
Preach not to us thy croaking homilies!  
Farewell to those who fear, and those who  
wait!"



Progress is prudence!"

Save the river's roar,  
The elders of the tribe (with prescient faces,  
Gazing aghast, and listening) heard no more;  
But saw, still saw, in the fierce stream's embraces,  
Here a wild arm, and there a whirling head,  
And then—the heaving of the funeral pall  
By the grim, bleak, implacable river spread  
Over the grave of an ideal.

# VI.

## All

Were hush'd with horror. In the silence said  
That old grey-headed watcher of the tide,  
"Friends, let us mourn for the untimely dead,  
Whom impulse fair, with precept false allied  
And inexperience, to their doom hath led.  
They err'd in seeking, but they sought, the  
truth;  
And we shall miss the force their fervor caught  
From full hear's glowing with the fire of  
youth.

That generous warmth, alas, no longer ours,  
We must replace by clear, if frigid, thought,  
And toil that trains for triumph temperate  
powers.

Yon ravenous and remorseless element  
Us from our promised rest doth still divide.  
Let us, O friends, some dexterous dyke invent  
To curb the current or divert the tide.  
A faithless and a formidable foe  
We have to deal with. No concessions vile,  
No haste incautious! Grudge not labor slow.  
Complete the plan ere you begin the pile.  
To work!"

# VII.

These words evoked but faint applause.  
A few men to the speaker's side drew near,  
And grasp'd his hand, after a thoughtful pause,  
In silence; scorning by a single cheer  
To recognize the Passions as allies  
Of Reason's coldly calculated cause.  
Small was their number, but they seem'd the  
wise.

Meanwhile, from out the masses in the rear  
A man stepp'd forward. His broad back was  
bow'd,

His form misshapen, like a wither'd oak  
With strong limbs warp'd and naked. To the  
crowd,

Whence he had issued, bitterly he spoke:

# VIII.

"Surely enough of perils and privations,  
Of trust betray'd, and labor lost, enough,  
And hopes deferr'd, whose fraudulent invita-  
tions

Lengthen the road they never leave less rough!  
Dupe us no more. Foot-wearied fools we are,  
Worn out with unrewarded agitations  
In running after rest. Still, near or far,  
The land we seek our cheated search belies.  
Because it was a miserable land  
We left our own; yet nought but miseries  
We found elsewhere, a miserable band!  
And miserably here beneath our eyes

Have we seen perishing the brave, the bold,  
The young, the beautiful, who sought in vain  
That better land. The selfish and the old,  
Who, to augment our wretchedness, remain,  
Now on our faint and weaken'd faith have laid  
A heavier burden. What have we to gain  
By laboring longer? And what right have they  
To disregard the rule themselves have made?  
Let them make good their promise. To obey  
'Tis now their turn, and ours to be obey'd,  
For we are the majority. Whate'er  
The yet unpeopled Land of Promise be,  
One thing, at least, is certain: everywhere  
The wretchedest are the most numerous. We  
Are both: nor need we any further fare  
To find a refuge from the ills we flee.  
After life, death; and after labor, sleep:  
They do but live to toil who toil to live.  
One gift, whose promise earth is bound to  
keep,  
This soil, tho' niggard, to the spade will give  
As soon as any other, and as cheap;  
Life's goal, a grave."

# IX.

He turn'd upon his heel,  
Follow'd by many. The remaining few  
Began to build. In accents low and grave  
"What, without us, would be the common-  
weal?"

Mere common woe," they murmur'd. "Let us  
save,  
In spite of its own self, society."

And slow they rear'd, with unimpetuous zeal,  
Rock-shoulder'd ramparts, fencing flood-gates  
high,  
And sluices deep.

# X.

"Astray is all your skill,  
Nor ever will the work you do succeed!"  
A meagre mocking voice exclaim'd one day.  
It was a little, thin, dry, crooked man,  
Who had from the assembly stolen away  
When first the feud 'twixt young and old began,  
And now, as furtively, return'd. "I know  
That river. It is mischievous and mad:  
But there's some good in it, if you knew how  
To make the best of what is not all bad.  
Your dyke anon the rising flood will break,  
And deluge all." They answer'd, "Other  
dykes

If needed, other sluices, we will make:  
The stream rolls where it must, not where it  
likes."

"Twill roll where you will like its rolling less.  
You do not understand its nature. Hark!  
No longer strive to oppose it, or repress.  
I know a better system: follow it."

"What is thy system?" "I will build a  
bark"—

"And shipwreck all! These plunging whirl-  
pools split

Our stoutest planks to splinters. Noë's ark  
With such a cataract would in vain have vied.  
It is a foe to vanquish, if we can,  
And not a friend to whom we can confide  
Aught that we love."

## XL

The little crooked man  
 With a low laugh to this reply replied  
 "Ay, 'tis a foe whom, for that very reason,  
 You should conciliate till his forces blind  
 (By craft beguiled to salutary treason)  
 Subvert his stupid power. I have divined  
 The river's secret. If you try my plan,  
 I guarantee success — on one condition,  
 Make me your leader." "Impudent charla-  
 tan,"  
 (They laugh'd, at that presumptuous proposi-  
 tion.)

"We know you for a rogue in deed and word.  
 Make *you* our leader? Things are not yet  
 there.

We'll make you nothing but one gift — a cord :  
 Take it, and go and hang yourself elsewhere !"

## XII.

Those honest and most honorable men  
 In saying this said only what was true.  
 The man was all they said of him. But then  
 The man was also something more (and knew  
 That he was something more) which miss'd  
 their ken,

For he was clever. Smiling, he withdrew.  
 Meanwhile, the dyke went forward painfully ;  
 For, as its bulwarks broaden'd day by day,  
 The stream's resentful waters rose more high ;  
 And their uprisings sometimes wash'd away  
 The best contrivances opposed to them.

## XIII.

One morn the foil'd foundation-makers spied  
 A vessel thron'd with folk from stern to stem ;  
 Slant was her course athwart the strenuous  
 tide,  
 And sloping, tugg'd by tumid sails, she went.  
 Safe to the wisht-for shore the strong winds  
 blew,  
 Safe to the wisht-for shore the turbulent  
 But trusted waters their subduer drew ;  
 And with a shout, as on its pleasant strand  
 They lightly leapt, her captain and his crew  
 Proclaim'd their conquest of the Promised  
 Land.

## XIV.

The little crooked man his word had kept.  
 Long in the science of deception school'd,  
 The subtle student proved the sage adept.  
 That formidable river he had fool'd

As easily as if it were mankind :  
 Making its strength his own, and profiting  
 By forces it had been his luck to find  
 Contending with each other to be king  
 While he enslaved them slyly — wave and wind.  
 But when at last they reach'd, and overran,  
 The Eldorado of their lifelong dream,  
 Unfit for their good-fortune proved the clan  
 Of covetous adventurers that stream  
 (In turn betraying its betrayers) led  
 To their destruction. Vagabonds they were,  
 Who loved not labor and who lack'd not  
 bread :

Each to the other grudged his lawless share  
 Of promised plunder, till the land was red  
 With its invaders' blood. Their leader sly  
 (True to his principles) employ'd his skill  
 To govern by dividing them. Thereby  
 He ruled and ruin'd them with ease ; until  
 At last the sick survivors of the strife,  
 Taught by experience, recognized the source  
 Of all the shameful troubles of his life  
 In that shrewd trick of setting up one force  
 To set another down, and playing class  
 Forever against class. Their chief found out  
 That what he thought could never come to pass  
 He had himself contrived to bring about —  
 A populace united : and its mass  
 The populace uniting against him,  
 It flung him, head and heels, into the river ;  
 Where he was lost, not knowing how to swim,  
 Though he knew how to sail.

## XV.

Vain each endeavor !  
 They who, to reach the Promised Land, relied  
 On fervid impulse, passionately perish'd  
 At the first plunge. The wretches who denied  
 Its pitying promise, cheerless, and uncherish'd  
 Even by the lost tradition of it, died.  
 Some labor'd for it, and their labor lost,  
 Though long and patiently they labor'd. They  
 Perchance were those who merited it most ;  
 But then, their way was a mistaken way,  
 And they persisted in it. The vile host  
 Of rogues and vagabonds on whom a wit  
 Not theirs, to serve its own ambitious schemes,  
 Conferr'd the Land of Promise, were unfit  
 (Even when it blest them with its brightest  
 beams)

To find their promised happiness in it.

## XVI.

The Land of Promise rests the Land of Dreams.